



ANC

NIGHTMARE

No. 13
TEN CENTS



PRINCESS OF THE SEA



Why Just WISH for the Things You Want? **MAKE EXTRA MONEY** *It's Easy—Fast—and FUN, Too!*

Use Your Spare Time Pleasantly To Make \$50.00, \$100.00
or More Showing These Exclusive Big-Value
Wallace Brown Christmas Cards

Why not do as thousands of other folks do. No need to wish for extra cash to buy the things you want. You can make money so easily just by showing the famous balanced assortments of beautiful Wallace Brown Christmas Cards to your friends, neighbors, relatives, co-workers, fellow church and club members. They'll love this convenient way to order Christmas cards at home and they'll be delighted with the beauty, value and variety offered them. Among this big nationally famous line of over 50 money-makers are the two shown here . . . the sensational, big-value 21 card "Feature" Christmas Assortment and the gay and clever Merry Christmas Comics Assortment. They sell for only \$1.00 each and you make up to 50c profit on each box!

Big Line of Over 50 Thrilling Money-Makers!

You need no experience . . . and you have so much to offer to bring you extra cash. There are exciting Christmas Assortments like the luxurious Golden Parchment, the delightful Christmas Velvet, exquisite Scripture-Text Religious Assortment, beloved Currier and Ives scenes . . . Gift Wrappings and Ribbons too! In addition, a complete line of exquisite Everyday cards for Birthdays, Get Well and other occasions. Also Children's Books, Imported Napkins and many novelty Gift items! They all spell Extra Money for you!

SEND NO MONEY to Get Actual Samples

See for yourself how much money you'll make. Mail Coupon TODAY for "Feature" 21 card Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of low priced name-imprinted Personal Christmas Cards. We'll also

include FREE, our beautiful, big, full color catalog of the entire Wallace Brown line to start you making extra money immediately.

CLUBS, ORGANIZATIONS—Raise money! Fill your treasury with cash by taking orders for Wallace Brown Cards and Gift Items from members and friends. Check coupon for details of fund-raising plan and actual sample assortment on approval.

WALLACE BROWN, INC. 225 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. R-193
NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK

Paste this coupon on a postcard or mail in envelope for actual samples. **SEND NO MONEY**

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. R-193
225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, Free Samples of Special Value "Personals" and FREE full-color illustrated Catalog of entire Wallace Brown big-profit line.

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

☐ Check here for Organization Plan

Popular Priced PERSONALS too!

**ACTUAL SAMPLES
FREE!**



Make even more money! Nothing else like them anywhere—four groups of outstanding Special Value Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards . . . distinctive styling, low prices . . . for every purse and taste . . . Traditional, Religious, Cute, Formal, Currier and Ives . . . exclusive designs, luxury papers, including rich, deep-toned Suedes and genuine Parchment Cards. They sell on sight! **WE DELIVER DIRECT TO YOUR CUSTOMERS AND WE PAY POSTAGE. Coupon brings you Actual Samples FREE.**

Princess of the Sea

IN HIS QUEST FOR FABULOUS TREASURE IN THE OCEAN'S AWESOME DEPTHS, JOHN GARTH BATTLES UNKNOWN PERILS NEVER BEFORE ENCOUNTERED BY ANY MAN ON EARTH. BUT JOHN IS FATED TO WIN THE GREATEST TREASURE OF ALL, THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL, WONDROUS...

"Princess of the Sea!"

Hired to locate a rumored fabulously rich black pearl-bed, pearl-diver John Garth is lowered deep into the ocean's depths. But then...

(GASP!) --MY AIR-LINE... IT'S FOULED...

THE OXYGEN...(GASP)... IT'S ALMOST... GONE... I-I CAN HARDLY BREATHE...

FRANTICALLY, GARTH GASPS FOR OXYGEN--HIS
HEART POUNDING--HIS SENSES WHIRLING...

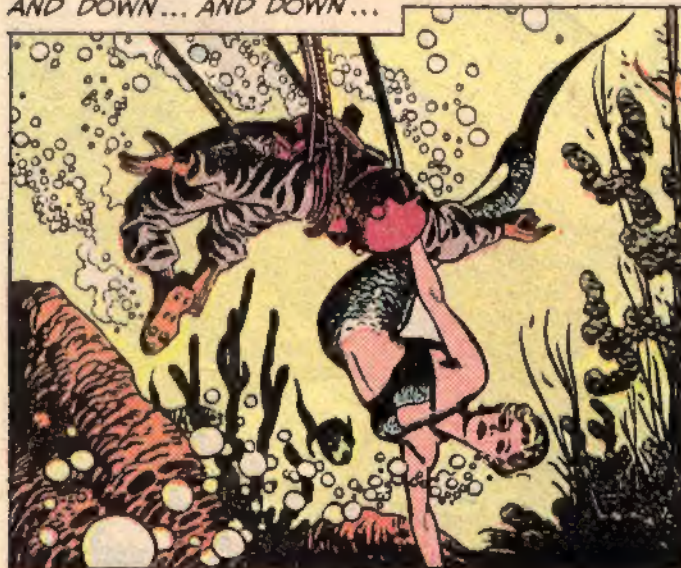


AND THEN
LIKE A
PHANTOM
EMERGING
FROM THE
SEA WATERS...
HE SAW
HER!

- SHE'S BEAUTIFUL... BUT
NOT REAL! NO ONE THAT
BEAUTIFUL COULD BE REAL!
I'M SUFFOCATING... HER
FACE... MUST BE... AN
HALLUCINATION...

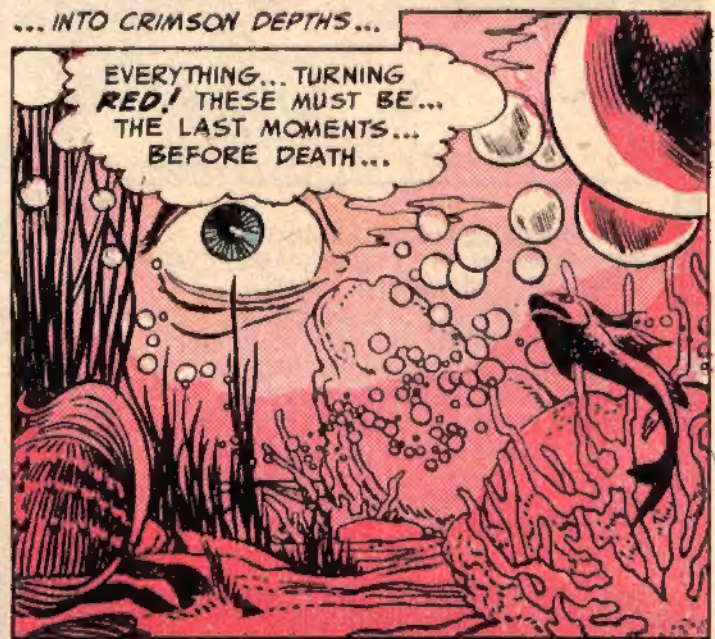


BUT AS GARTH STRUGGLES FOR EACH BREATH,
STRONG ARMS SEIZE HIM AND DRAG HIM DOWN...
AND DOWN... AND DOWN...



... INTO CRIMSON DEPTHS...

EVERYTHING... TURNING
RED! THESE MUST BE...
THE LAST MOMENTS...
BEFORE DEATH...



NO! LEAVE MY
HELMET ALONE! DON'T
TAKE IT OFF! I'LL
DROWN!



BUT THE PEARL-DIVER'S STRUGGLES ARE IN VAIN!
OFF COMES THE HELMET, AND THEN... MIRACLE
OF MIRACLES...!!!

I'M ALIVE! ALIVE!!
AND... I'M NOT DROWNING!
I'M... **BREATHING...**
WATER!!!



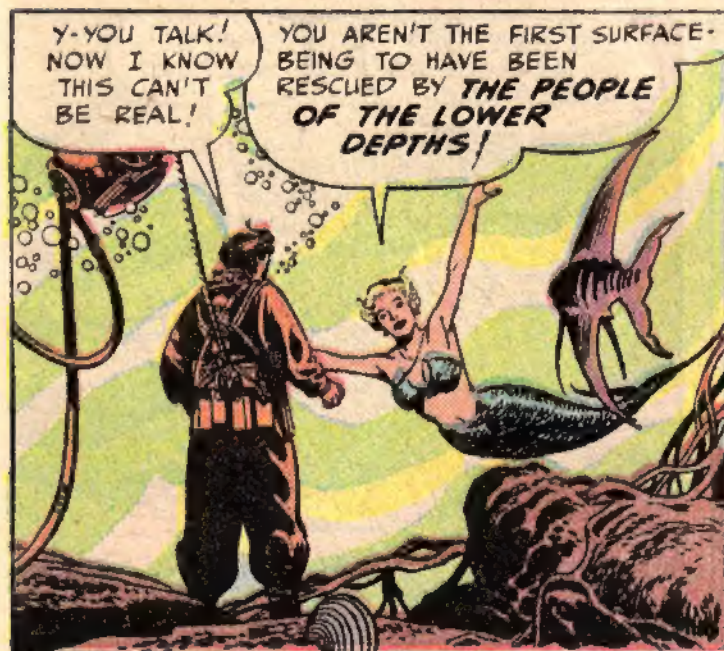


THIS...IS INSANE! HERE I AM,
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE
OCEAN, **BREATHING WATER**,
NOT CRUSHED BY THE
PRESSURE OF TONS OF WATER!
AND MOST INCREDIBLE OF ALL...



I'VE BEEN SAVED BY
A **MERMAID**! M-MAYBE
I'M DEAD, AFTER ALL...
THIS COULDN'T **REALLY**
HAPPEN TO A
HUMAN BEING...

BUT IT **IS**
HAPPENING
TO YOU... AND
IT'S **TRUE!**



Y-YOU TALK!
NOW I KNOW
THIS CAN'T
BE REAL!

YOU AREN'T THE FIRST SURFACE-
BEING TO HAVE BEEN
RESCUED BY **THE PEOPLE
OF THE LOWER
DEPTHS!**



BUT THIS STILL
DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE! WHO ARE
YOU... AND HOW
CAN I--AND YOU,
TOO, LIVE UNDER
THESE CONDITIONS?

I AM **PRINCESS
TANIA** OF THE
KINGDOM OF THE
LOWER DEPTHS. MY
PEOPLE ARE ABLE TO
THRIVE HERE ON THE
OCEAN FLOOR
BECAUSE OF THE
STRANGE CHEMICAL
PROPERTIES OF THE
WATER IN THIS AREA.



THIS...IS ALL A...
RIDICULOUS DREAM.
I... **OH--HHH...**

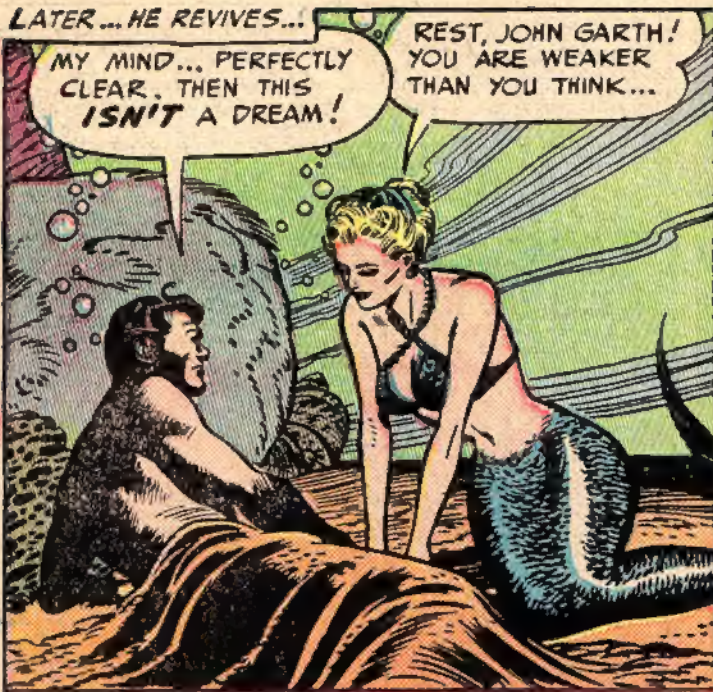


UNCONSCIOUSNESS OVERWHELMS JOHN GARTH.
BUT IN HIS DELIRIUM, HE SEEMS TO BE WATCHED
BY WEIRD, FISH-LIKE BEINGS...

LATER... HE REVIVES...

MY MIND... PERFECTLY
CLEAR. THEN THIS
ISN'T A DREAM!

REST, JOHN GARTH!
YOU ARE WEAKER
THAN YOU THINK...



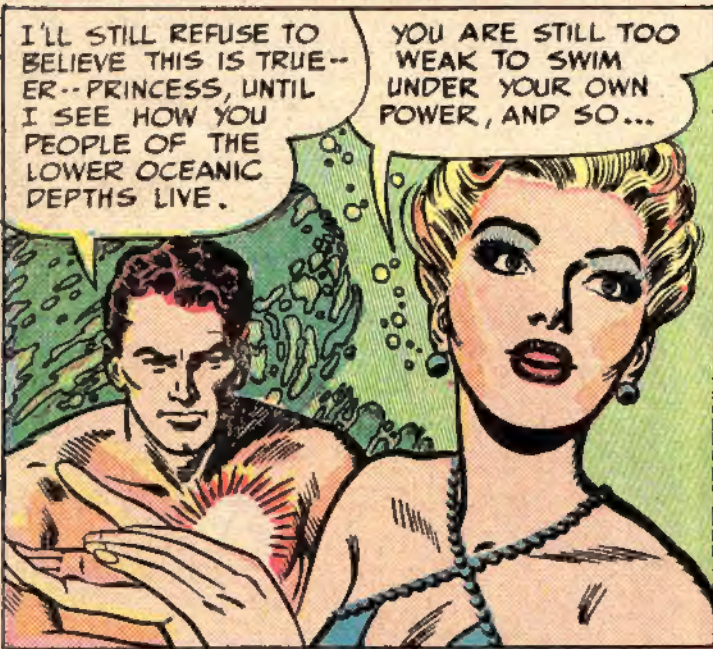
YOU KNOW MY
NAME, TANIA?

I KNOW MUCH ABOUT
YOU. YOU TALKED IN
YOUR DELIRIUM. I
LEARNED, JOHN GARTH,
THAT YOU ARE A GOOD
AND A BRAVE MAN.



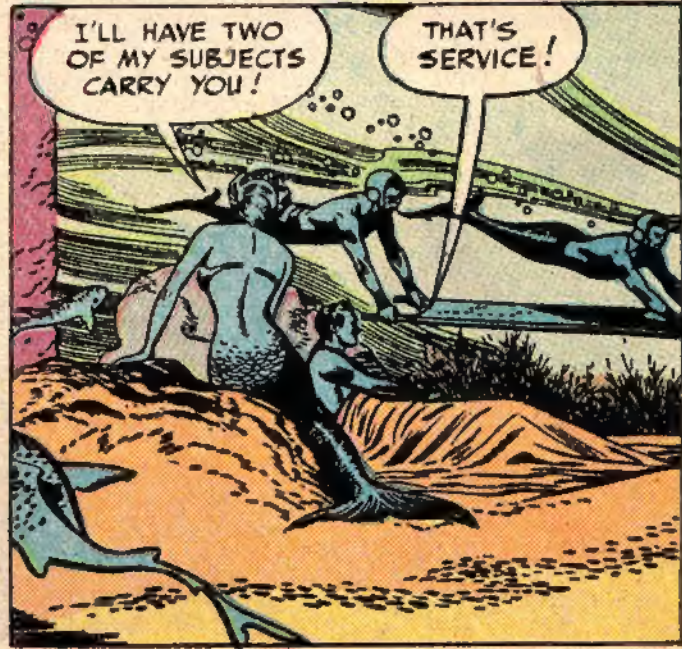
I'LL STILL REFUSE TO
BELIEVE THIS IS TRUE--
ER--PRINCESS, UNTIL
I SEE HOW YOU
PEOPLE OF THE
LOWER OCEANIC
DEPTHS LIVE.

YOU ARE STILL TOO
WEAK TO SWIM
UNDER YOUR OWN
POWER, AND SO...



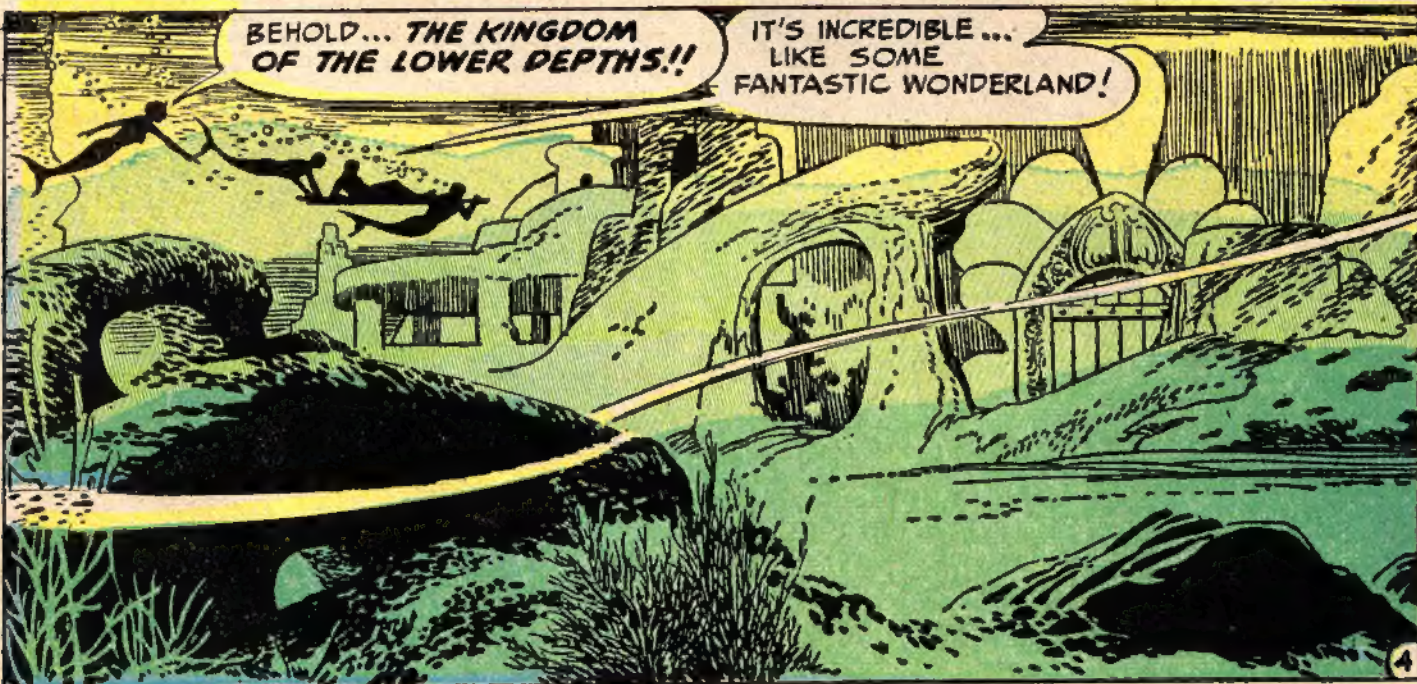
I'LL HAVE TWO
OF MY SUBJECTS
CARRY YOU!

THAT'S
SERVICE!



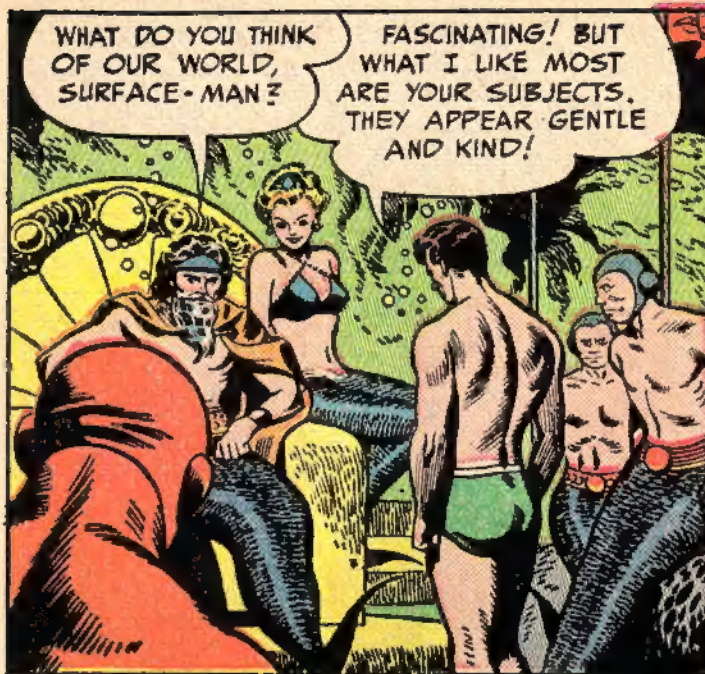
BEHOLD... THE KINGDOM
OF THE LOWER DEPTHS!!

IT'S INCREDIBLE...
LIKE SOME
FANTASTIC WONDERLAND!



WHAT DO YOU THINK
OF OUR WORLD,
SURFACE-MAN?

FASCINATING! BUT
WHAT I LIKE MOST
ARE YOUR SUBJECTS.
THEY APPEAR GENTLE
AND KIND!



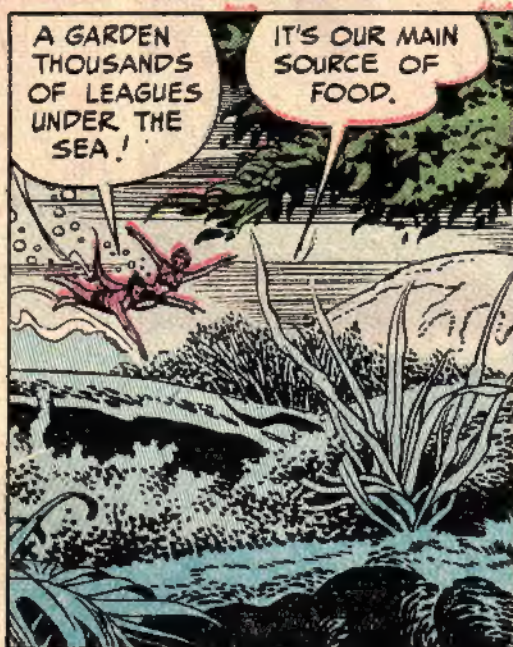
WE HAVE NO WARS OR
STRIFE BECAUSE WE
TREAT EACH OTHER
AS WE WOULD LIKE
TO BE TREATED
OURSELVES.

THAT'S PHILOSOPHY
THEY PREACH IN
THE UPPER WORLD.
WHAT A PITY THEY
DON'T PRACTICE IT
AS YOU PEOPLE DO!



A GARDEN
THOUSANDS
OF LEAGUES
UNDER THE
SEA!

IT'S OUR MAIN
SOURCE OF
FOOD.

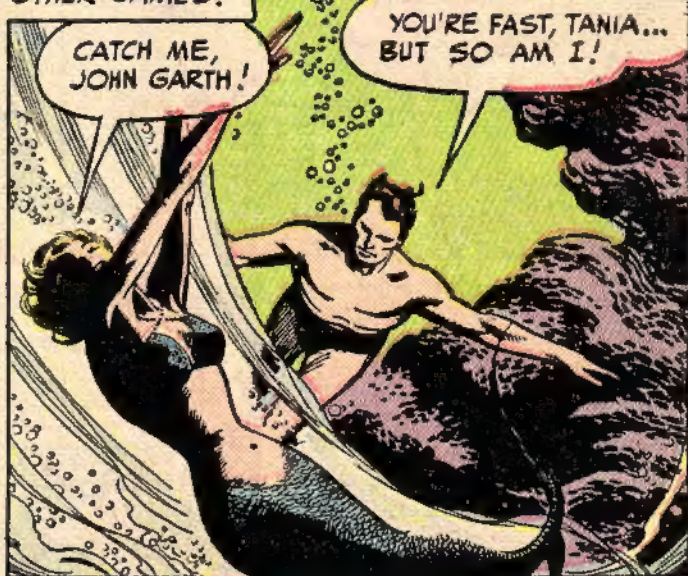


RAPIDLY,
JOHN GARTH'S
STRENGTH
RETURNS...
AND AS HE
BECOME
ACCUSTOMED
TO THIS
STRANGE
NEW LIFE,
THE
PRINCESS
TAKES HIM
ON
EXPLORING
TOURS...

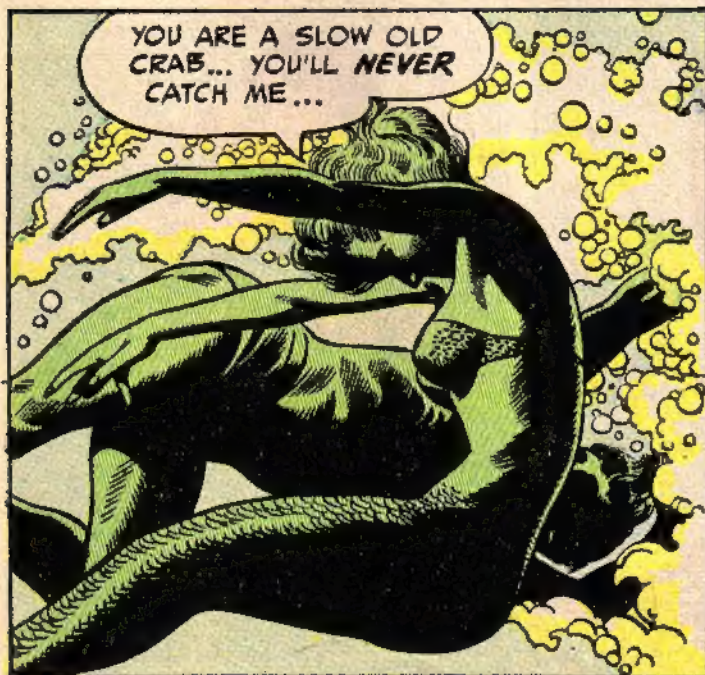
AND WHEN THEY AREN'T EXPLORING, THERE ARE
OTHER GAMES!

CATCH ME,
JOHN GARTH!

YOU'RE FAST, TANIA...
BUT SO AM I!



YOU ARE A SLOW OLD
CRAB... YOU'LL NEVER
CATCH ME...

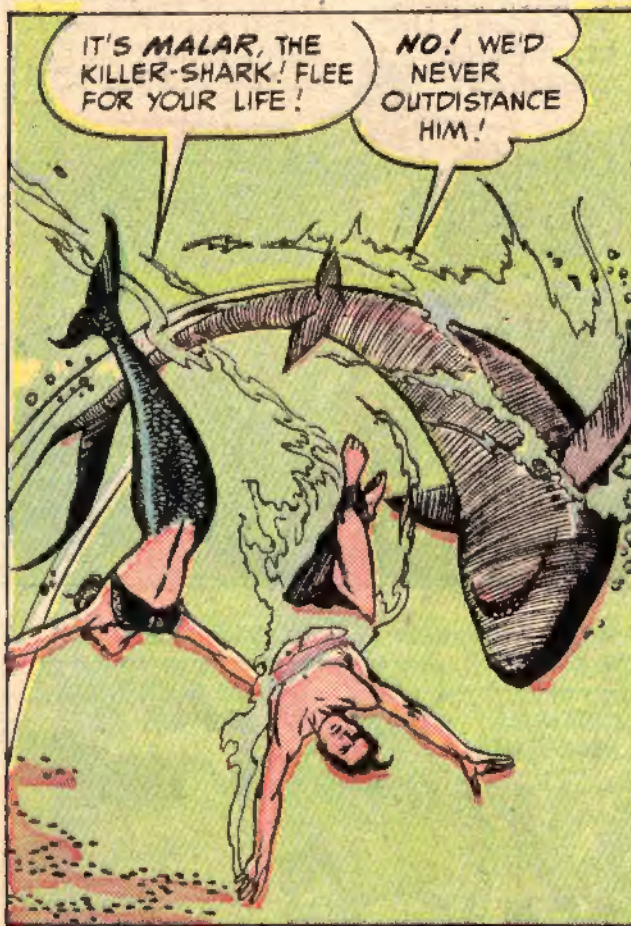


...UNLESS I
LET YOU...
UM-MMM!

TANIA...

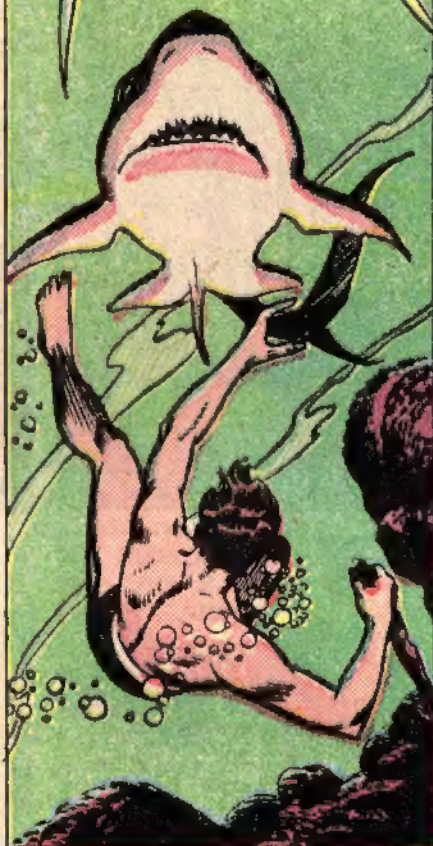


UNEXPECTEDLY, PRINCESS TANIA SHRIEKS AND SHOYES JOHN ASIDE. HE BARELY EVADES FIERCELY SNAPPING JAWS...



I'VE GOT TO FIGHT HIM... TO THE DEATH!

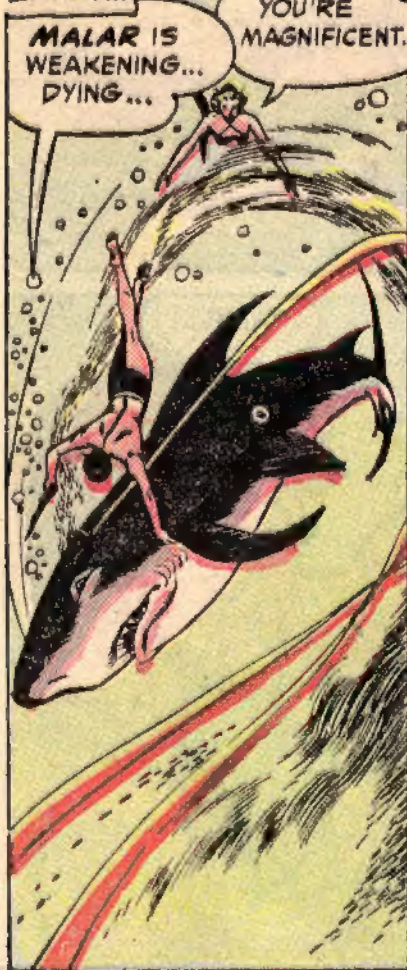
NO ONE HAS EVER DEFEATED MALAR!



AS THE VICIOUS SEA-BEAST STREAKS AT HIM LIKE A HURLING TORPEDO, GARTH DIVES, ROLLS OVER ON HIS BACK, AND SLASHES HIS WEAPON UPWARD AT HIS SAVAGE FOE WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH!



LATER...



YOU SLEW MALAR! OH, JOHN, IF HE HAD KILLED YOU...

...OR HARMED YOU, TANIA...



TANIA... YOU MEAN EVERYTHING TO ME! IF I MAY DARE ASK FOR THE HAND OF A PRINCESS...

OF COURSE, I'LL MARRY YOU, JOHN GARTH... SLAYER OF THE KILLER-SHARK... CONQUEROR OF MY HEART!



THE DAY OF THE WEDDING, THE DENIZENS OF THE LOWER OCEANIC DEPTHS TURN OUT EN MASSE FOR THE EXCITING OCCASION...



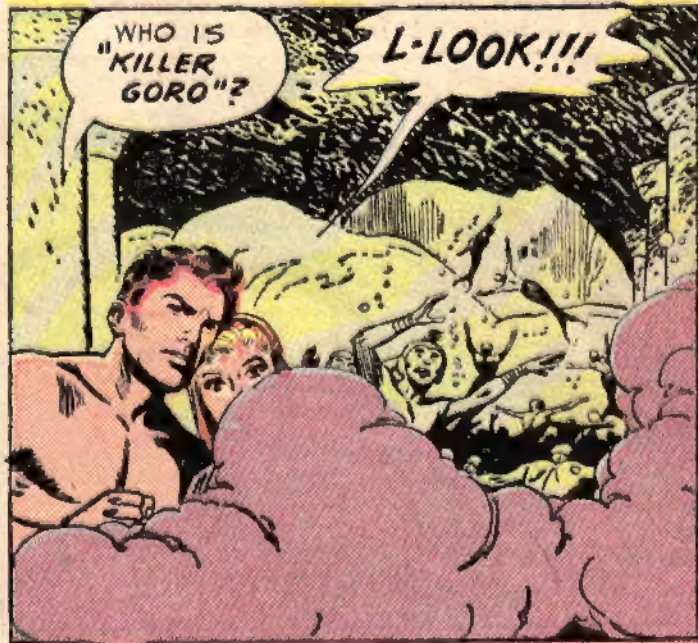
TELL ME YOU WON'T EVER LONG FOR THE SURFACE-WORLD, JOHN. I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO BE UNHAPPY...

HOW COULD I EVER BE UNHAPPY, TANIA... MARRIED TO YOU?



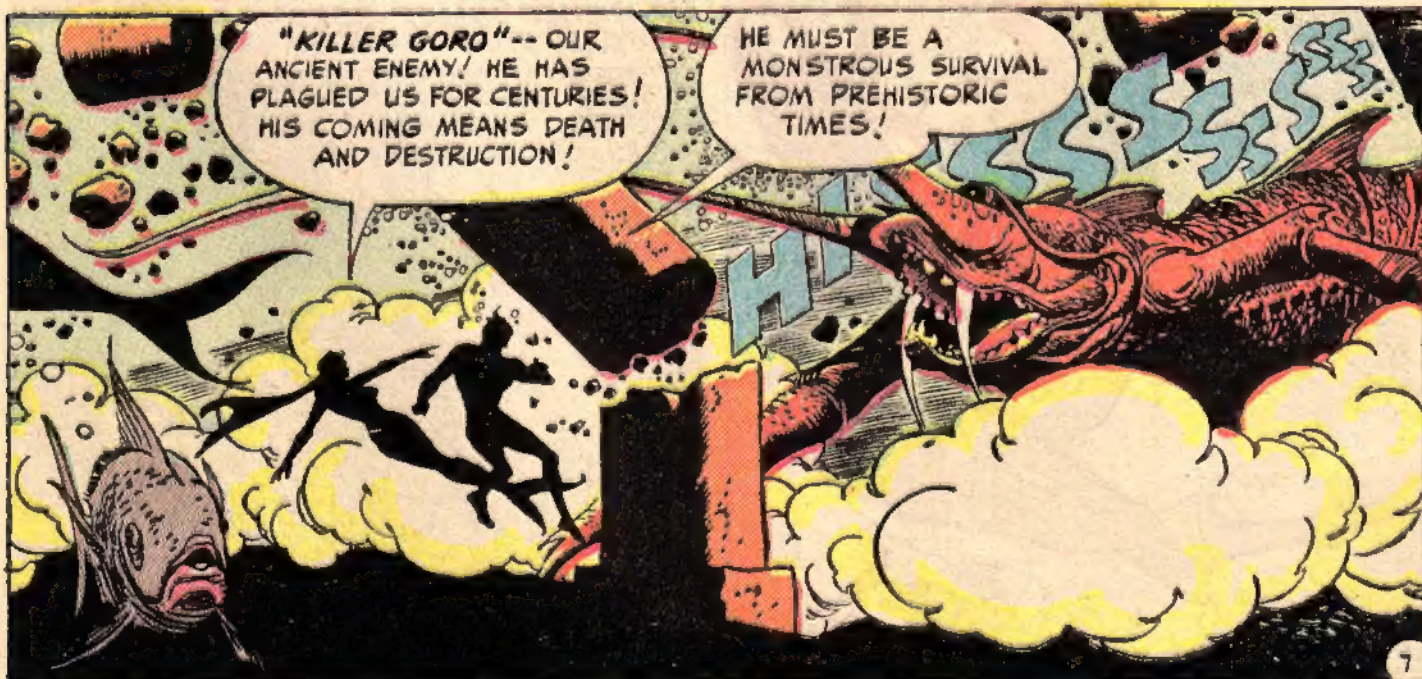
I NOW PRONOUNCE...

FLY! "KILLER GORO" COMES!



WHO IS "KILLER GORO"?

L-LOOK!!!



"KILLER GORO"-- OUR ANCIENT ENEMY! HE HAS PLAGUED US FOR CENTURIES! HIS COMING MEANS DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!

HE MUST BE A MONSTROUS SURVIVAL FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES!

WHAT CAN ANYONE DO? NOTHING WILL STOP THAT GIGANTIC CREATURE.

YOU CAN HELP US, JOHN! YOU SLEW THE KILLER-SHARK! YOU ARE WISER THAN US ALL! THINK, JOHN GARTH!



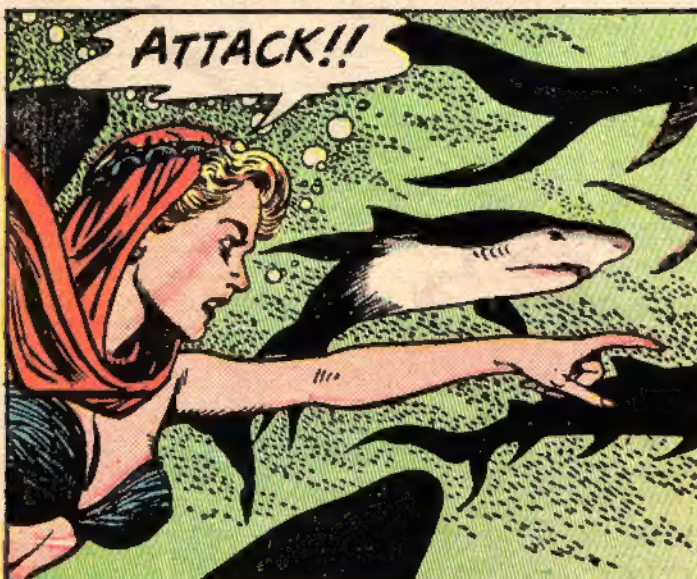
SHARK--KILLER-SHARK-TANIA! ALL OF THE SHARKS AREN'T OF THE KILLER VARIETY. SOME ARE YOUR FRIENDS. WOULD THEY HELP YOUR PEOPLE?

SHARKS-- VERSUS "KILLER-GORO"! JOHN... IT MAY WORK...



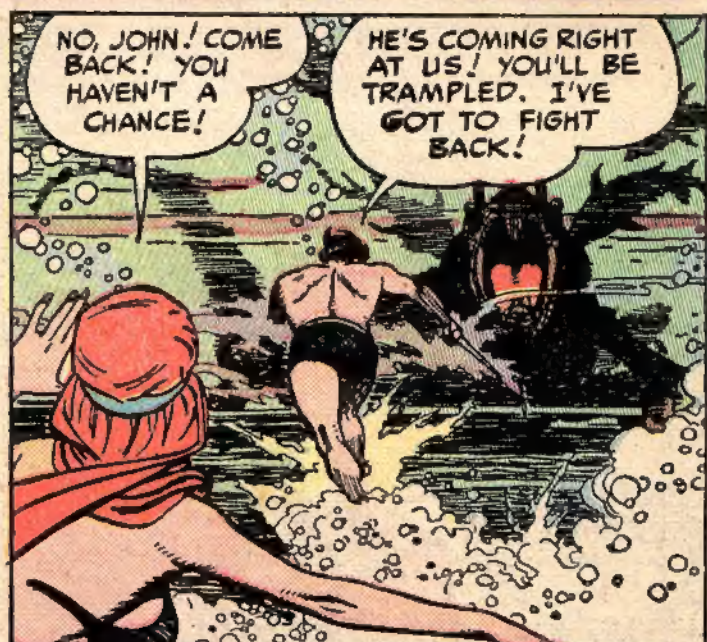
AT PRINCESS TANIA'S BEHEST, A SQUADRON OF SHARKS ATTACK THE TITANIC MARAUDER...

ATTACK!!

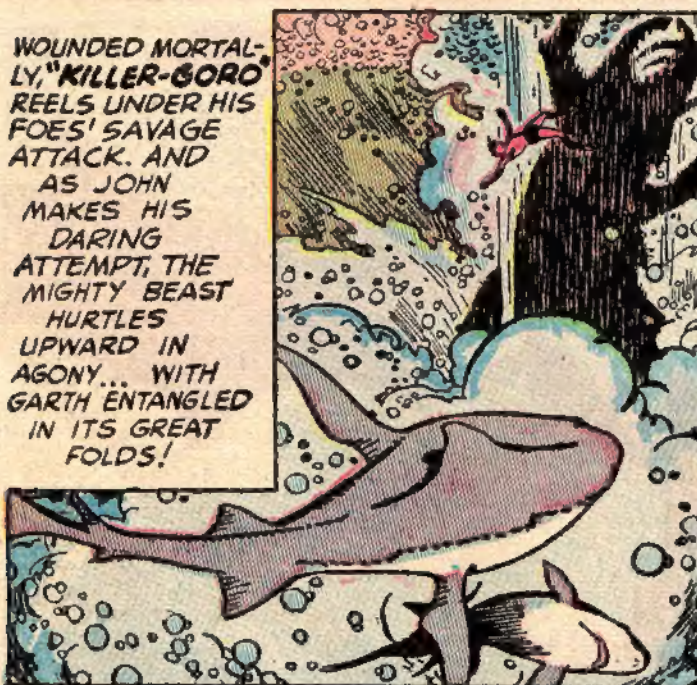


NO, JOHN! COME BACK! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

HE'S COMING RIGHT AT US! YOU'LL BE TRAMPLED. I'VE GOT TO FIGHT BACK!



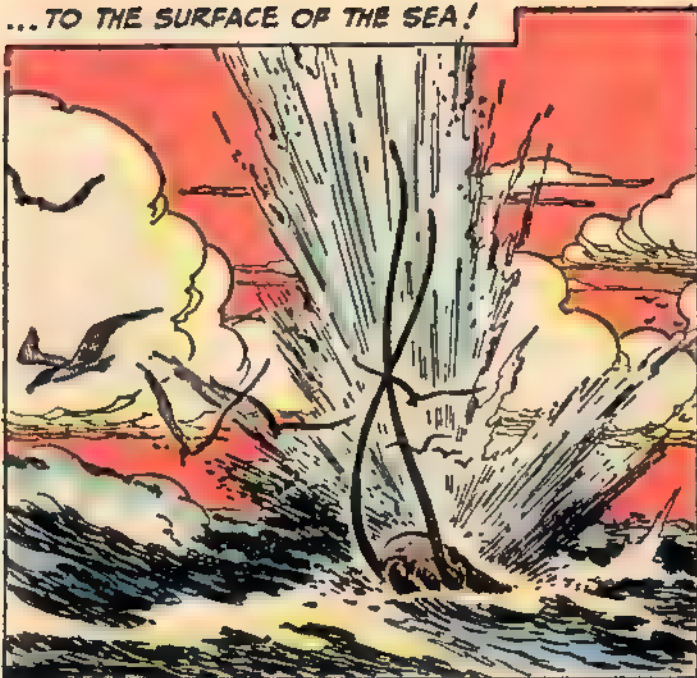
WOUNDED MORTALLY, "KILLER-GORO" REELS UNDER HIS FOES' SAVAGE ATTACK. AND AS JOHN MAKES HIS DARING ATTEMPT, THE MIGHTY BEAST HURTLIES UPWARD IN AGONY... WITH GARTH ENTANGLED IN ITS GREAT FOLDS!



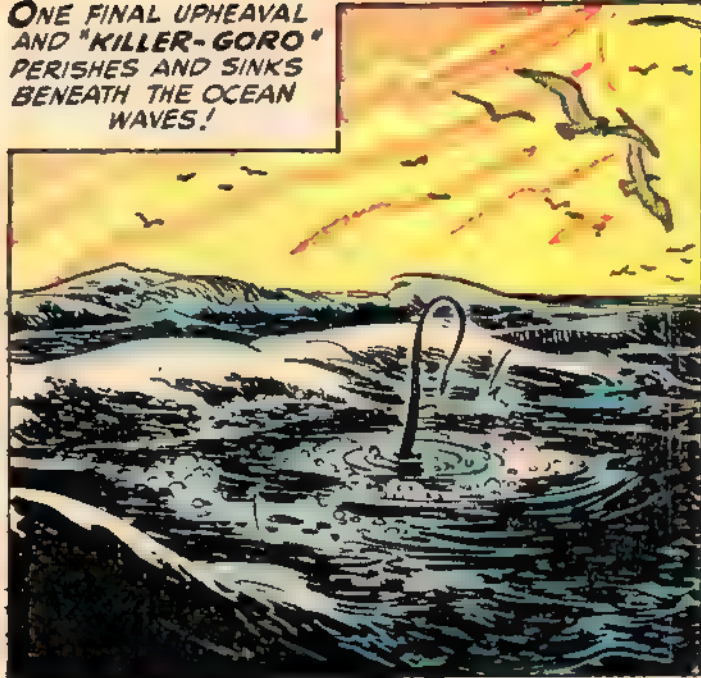
UP HURTLIES "KILLER-GORO" AT A BLINDING PACE, PROPELLED BY HIS HERCULEAN DEATH-THROES...



...TO THE SURFACE OF THE SEA!

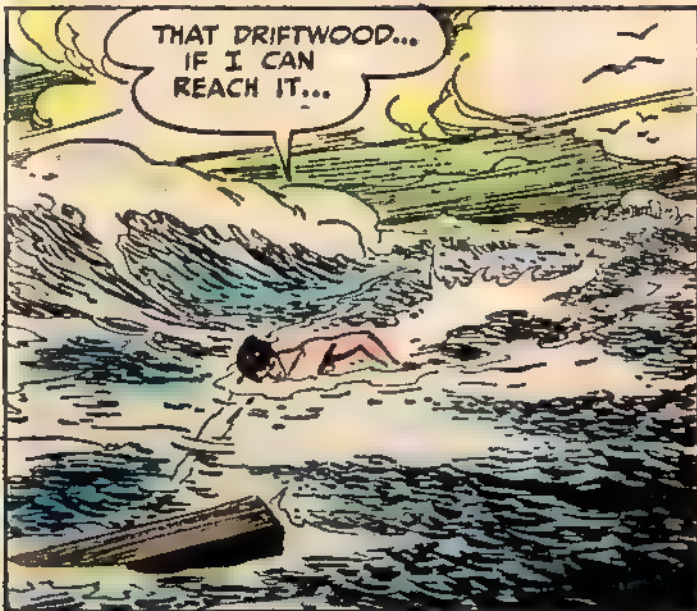


ONE FINAL UPHEAVAL
AND "KILLER-GORO"
PERISHES AND SINKS
BENEATH THE OCEAN
WAVES!



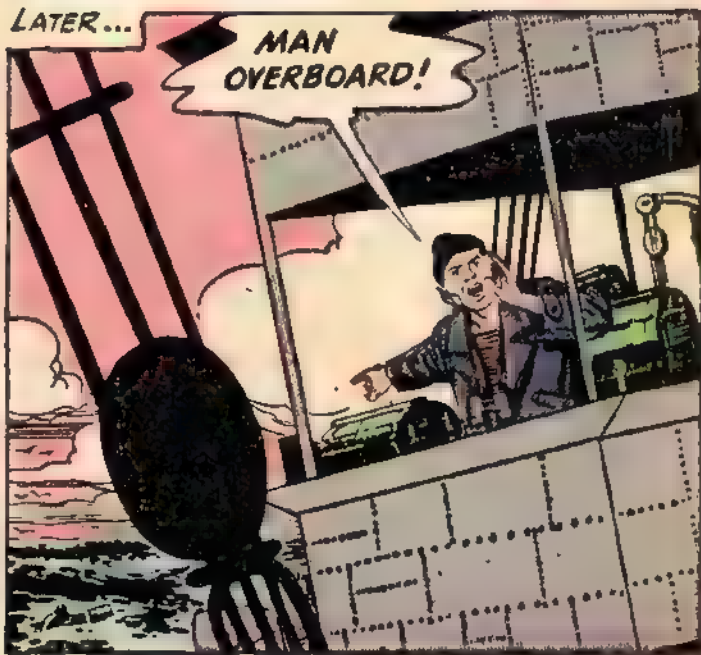
BUT HE LEAVES IN ITS WAKE... A HUMAN BEING...

THAT DRIFTWOOD...
IF I CAN
REACH IT...



LATER...

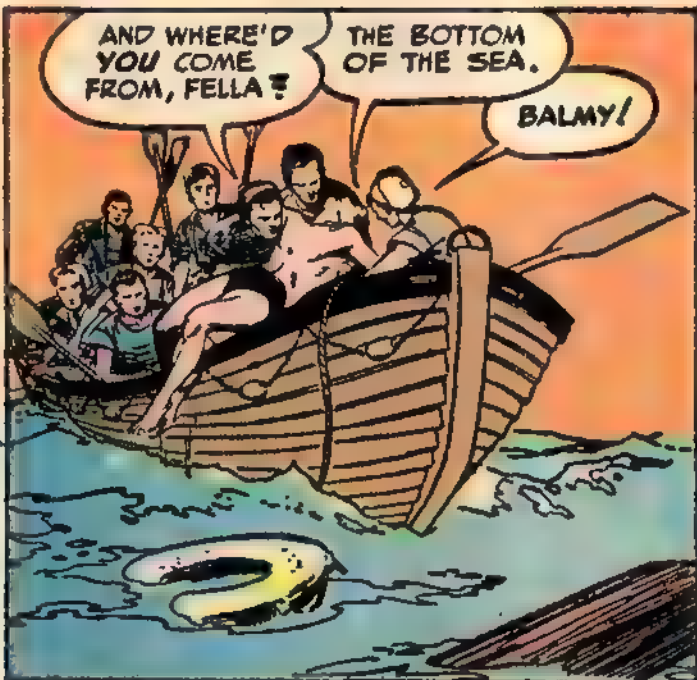
MAN
OVERBOARD!



AND WHERE'D
YOU COME
FROM, FELLA?

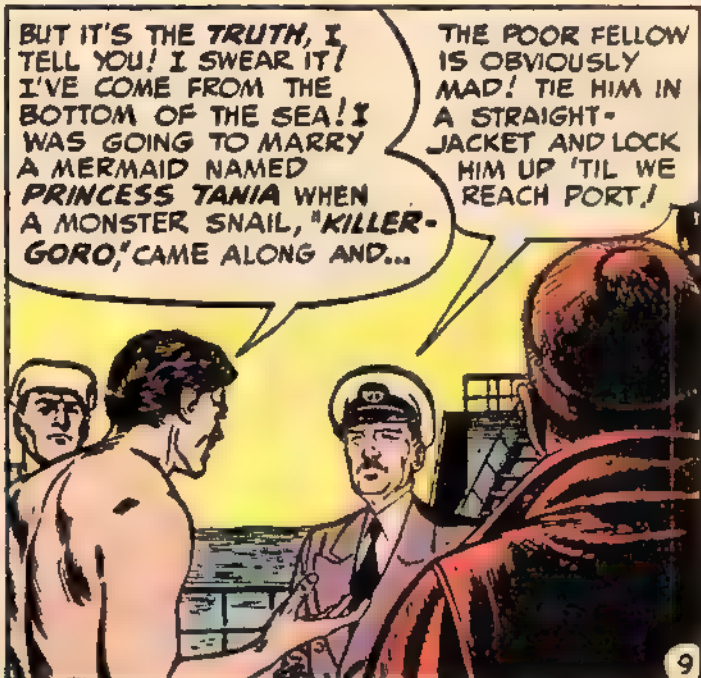
THE BOTTOM
OF THE SEA.

BALMY!



BUT IT'S THE TRUTH, I
TELL YOU! I SWEAR IT!
I'VE COME FROM THE
BOTTOM OF THE SEA! I
WAS GOING TO MARRY
A MERMAID NAMED
PRINCESS TANIA WHEN
A MONSTER SNAIL, "KILLER-
GORO," CAME ALONG AND...

THE POOR FELLOW
IS OBVIOUSLY
MAD! TIE HIM IN
A STRAIGHT-
JACKET AND LOCK
HIM UP 'TIL WE
REACH PORT!





NO!... PLEASE LISTEN!
YOU'VE GOT TO
BELIEVE ME!

I SAID LOCK
HIM UP!



BUT THEN...

WOMAN
OFF THE BOW!



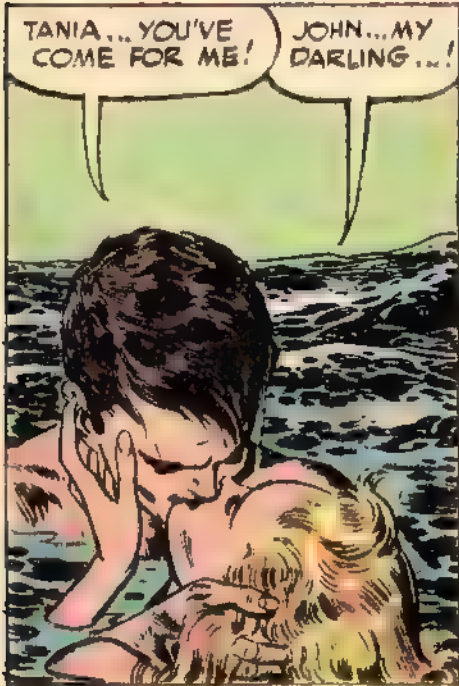
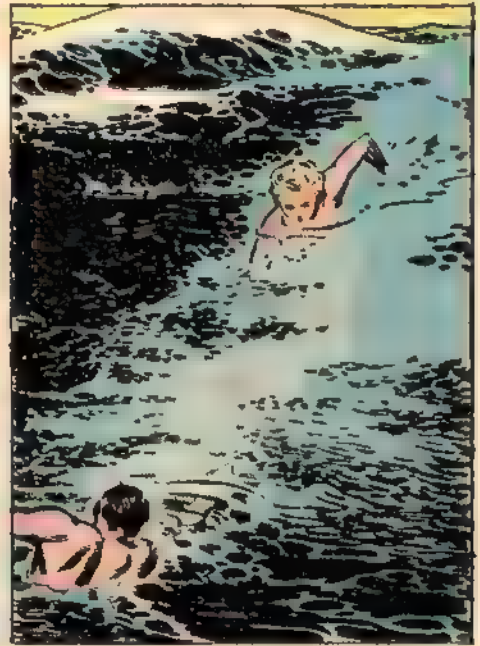
IT'S TANIA!
MY PRINCESS
TANIA!



STOP
HIM!

TOO
LATE!

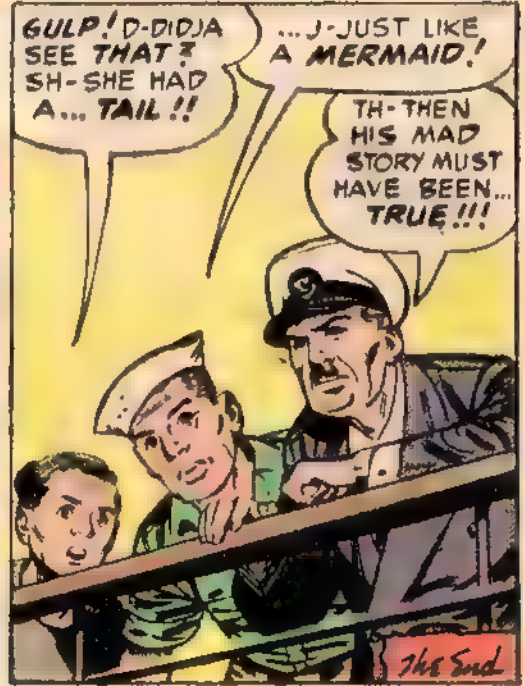
THE FOOL!
HE'LL DROWN!



TANIA... YOU'VE
COME FOR ME!

JOHN... MY
DARLING...!

AND THEN... THE TWO DIVE
BENEATH THE SURFACE OF
THE SEA, NEVER TO BE
SIGHTED BY UPPER-WORLD
EYES AGAIN!



GULP! D-DIDJA
SEE THAT?
SH-SHE HAD
A... TAIL!!

...J-JUST LIKE
A MERMAID!

TH-THEN
HIS MAD
STORY MUST
HAVE BEEN...
TRUE!!!

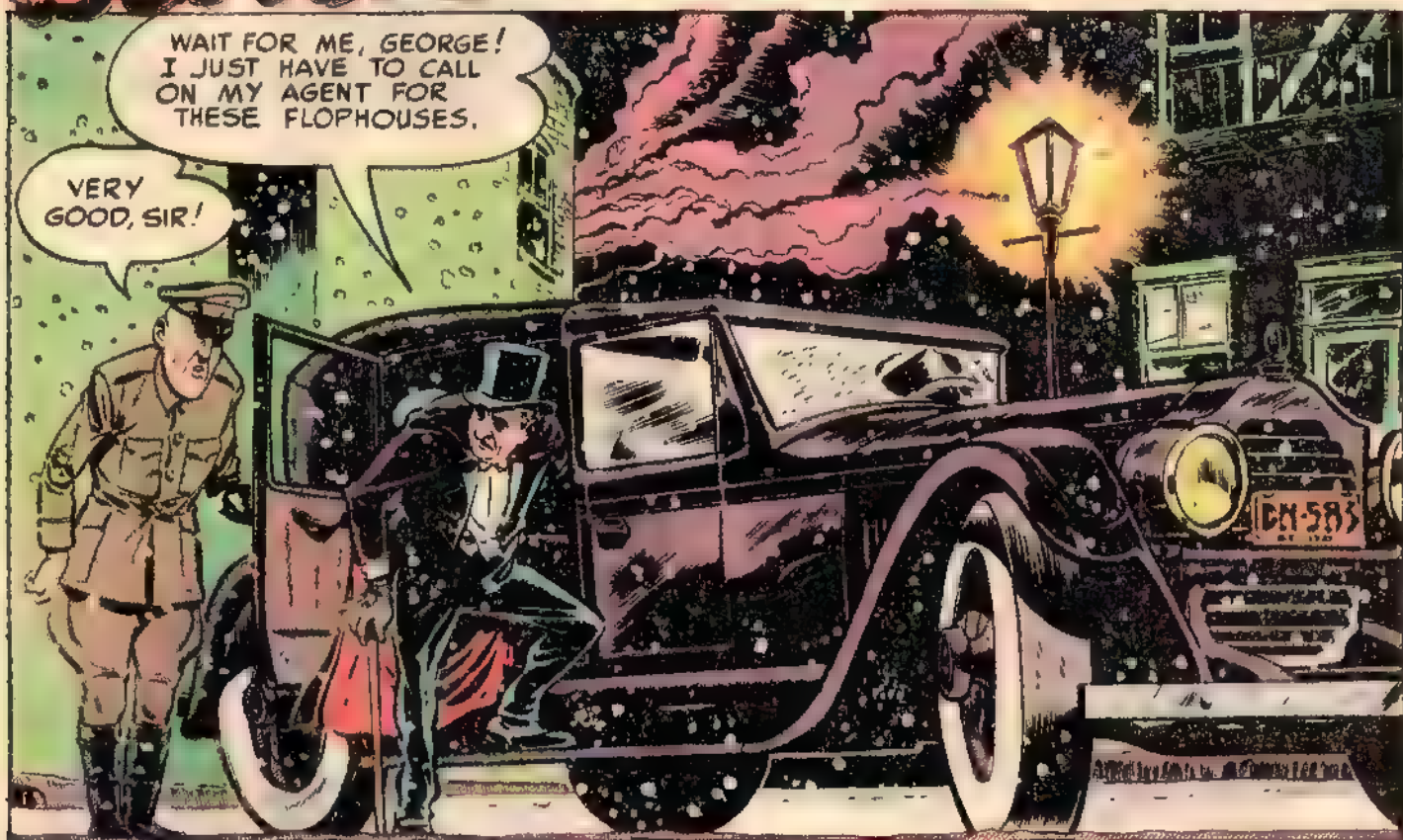
The End

NEW YORK, 1925. CHRISTMAS EVE ALONG THE BOWERY. AN EXPENSIVE LIMOUSINE PULLS UP TO THE CURB AND OUT STEPS **BENJAMIN SPRAGUE**, WEALTHY AND BITTER. HIS CRUEL DEALINGS IN THE BUSINESS WORLD HAVE MADE HIM A HATED MAN — BUT BENJAMIN SPRAGUE CARES NOTHING FOR THE OPINION OF OTHERS.

The Soul of **BENJAMIN SPRAGUE**

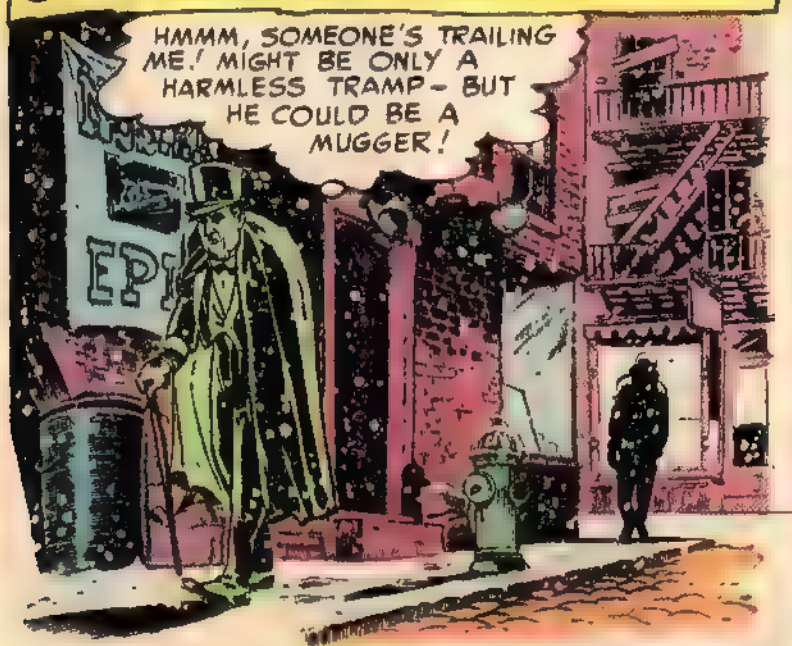
WAIT FOR ME, GEORGE!
I JUST HAVE TO CALL
ON MY AGENT FOR
THESE FLOPHOUSES.

VERY
GOOD, SIR!



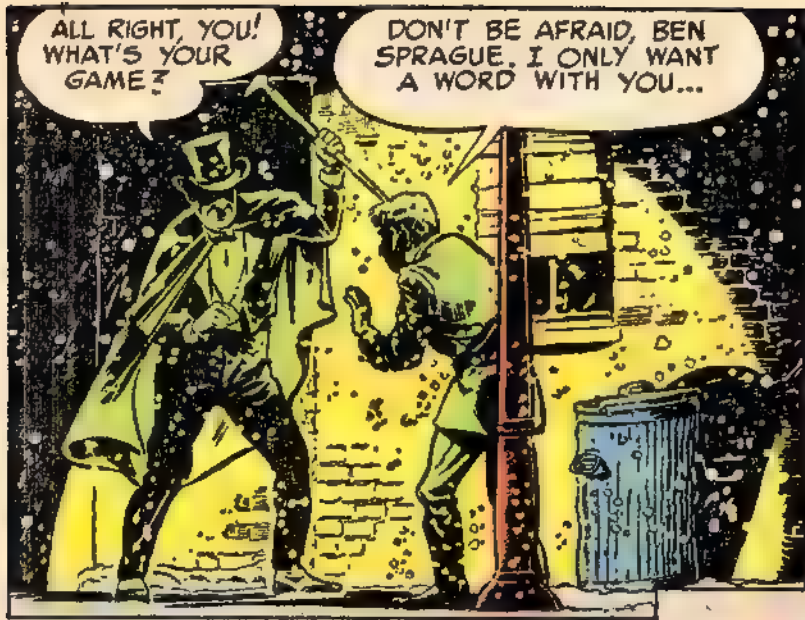
BUT AS SPRAGUE WALKS ALONG THE DARK STREETS...

HMMM, SOMEONE'S TRAILING
ME. I MIGHT BE ONLY A
HARMLESS TRAMP — BUT
HE COULD BE A
MUGGER!



WELL, I'LL TEACH HIM NOT TO
FOOL WITH BEN
SPRAGUE!





ALL RIGHT, YOU!
WHAT'S YOUR
GAME?

DON'T BE AFRAID, BEN
SPRAGUE. I ONLY WANT
A WORD WITH YOU...



HOW DO YOU
KNOW MY
NAME?

LOOK AT ME, BEN.
LOOK CLOSELY...
AT MY FACE! DO
YOU KNOW ME NOW?

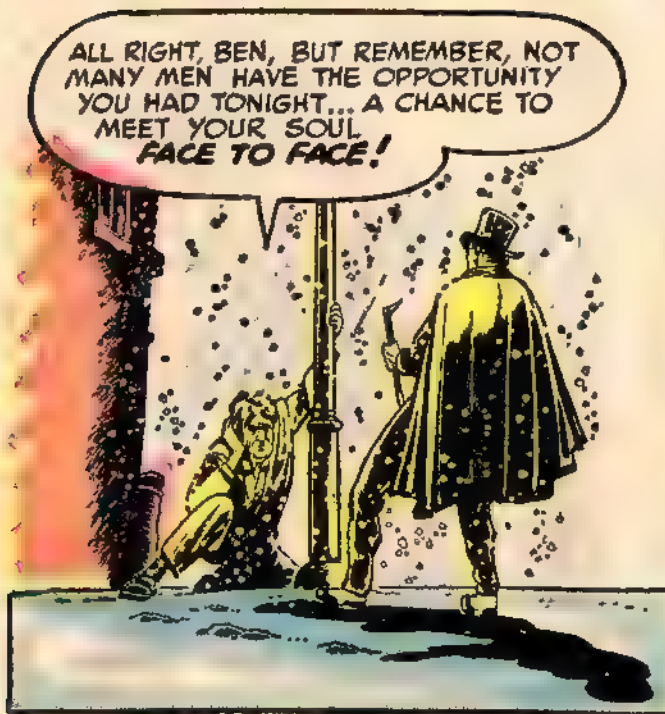
**BENJAMIN SPRAGUE PEERS CLOSELY AT THE
OLD TRAMP AND GASPS-FOR HE SEES
HIS OWN FACE...**



YOU'D BETTER CHANGE
YOUR **WAYS**, BEN
SPRAGUE... BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE!



I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE,
OR WHAT YOU WANT, BUT I'VE
HAD ENOUGH! ON YOUR WAY,
YOU OLD RASCAL, OR
I'LL HAVE YOU
ARRESTED!



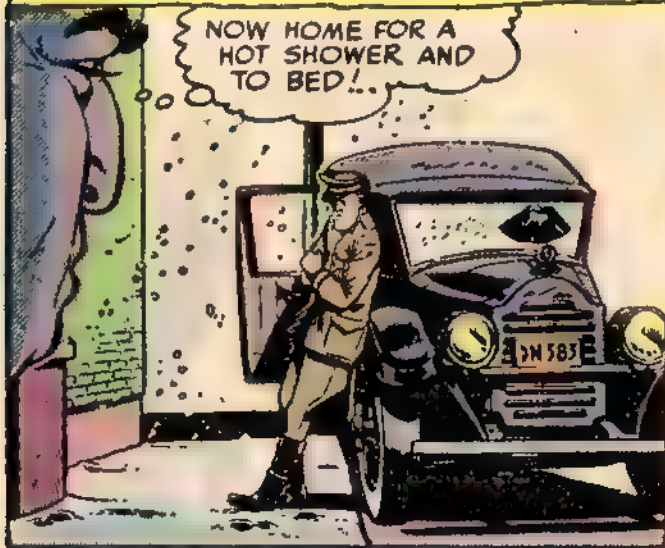
ALL RIGHT, BEN, BUT REMEMBER, NOT
MANY MEN HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY
YOU HAD TONIGHT... A CHANCE TO
MEET YOUR SOUL
FACE TO FACE!



HA! I MUST HAVE IMAGINED THE
RESEMBLANCE! PROBABLY SOME
CRANK TRYING TO FRIGHTEN
ME... JUST A **CRANK!**

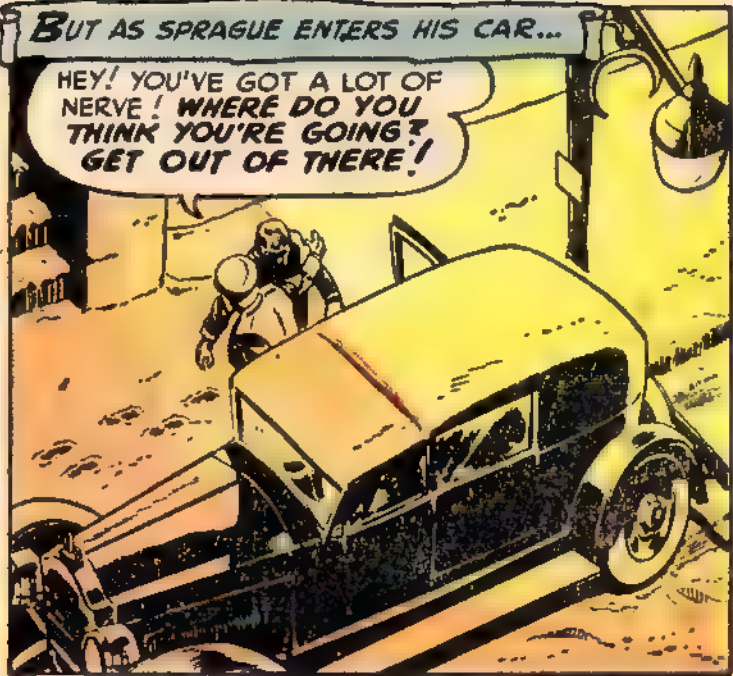
SO, SHRUGGING OFF THE INCIDENT, BENJAMIN SPRAGUE CONTINUES ON HIS WAY. SOME TIME LATER, HIS BUSINESS DONE, HE RETURNS TO HIS LIMOUSINE...

NOW HOME FOR A HOT SHOWER AND TO BED!



BUT AS SPRAGUE ENTERS HIS CAR...

HEY! YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING? GET OUT OF THERE!



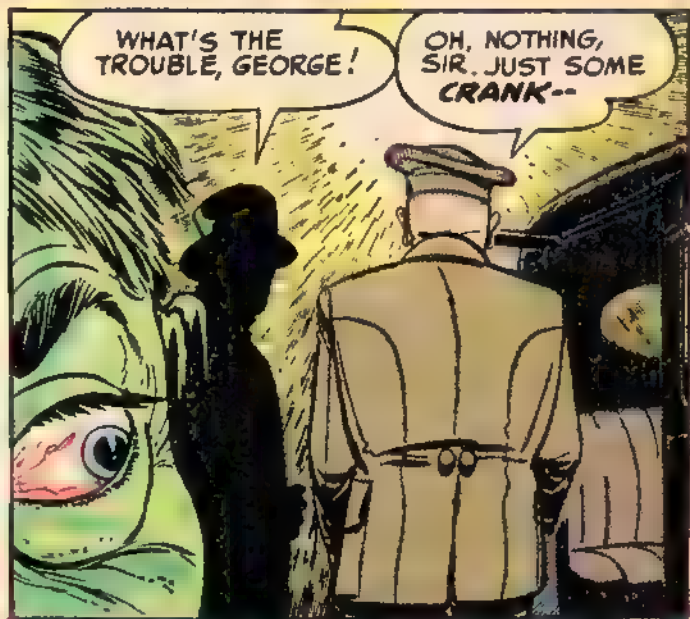
ON YOUR WAY, YOU OLD RASCAL!

BUT - GEORGE! DON'T YOU KNOW ME?



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, GEORGE!

OH, NOTHING, SIR. JUST SOME CRANK--



AND AS THE LIMOUSINE DRIVES OFF, THE MAN ON THE SIDEWALK STARES, HIS EYES POPPING...

HIS FACE! I SAW HIS FACE! IT WAS ME! BUT I'M BENJAMIN SPRAGUE! WHAT IS HE DOING IN MY LIMOUSINE - AND IN MY CLOTHES?



BEN TRIES FRANTICALLY FOR DAYS TO CONTACT HIS FRIENDS. BUT EVERYONE LAUGHS AT HIM. HOW COULD THIS MISERABLE OLD CREATURE BE BEN SPRAGUE? THE GENTLEMAN IN QUESTION WAS COMFORTABLY AT HOME AT THAT VERY MOMENT! AT LAST BEN GIVES UP..

HERE, OLD TIMER! WE'LL MOVE OVER TO MAKE ROOM FOR YOU!

I-I THANK YOU! SLEEP, I MUST SLEEP!



SOON BENJAMIN SPRAGUE LEARNED TO LIVE ON THE BOWERY. IN HIS DESPAIR, HE DISCOVERED THAT THERE WERE OTHERS AS WRETCHED AS HIMSELF. GRADUALLY HIS HEART SOFTENED. AS THE YEARS PASSED HE BECAME KNOWN FOR HIS KINDNESS AND CHARITY...

HERE, FRANK, LEAN ON ME! JUST A FEW MORE STEPS. THEY'LL FIX UP YOUR COUGH...

THANKS, BEN, I (COUGH) I'LL MAKE IT WITH YOUR HELP!..



HERE, MOTHER JOHNSON, YOUR FLOWERS LOOK VERY PRETTY TODAY. YOU'RE SURE TO SELL SOME!

THANK YOU, BEN. YOU'RE SO KIND TO ME!

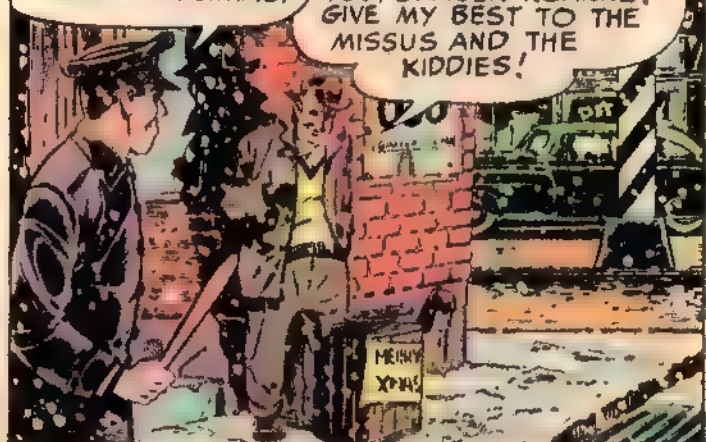
A KINDER SOUL NEVER LIVED.. ALWAYS HELPIN' PEOPLE, HE IS...



AND SO THE YEARS SLIP AWAY AND BEN SPRAGUE HAS COME TO KNOW THE MEANING OF LIVING AN HUMBLE BUT FULL AND HAPPY LIFE.. ONE NIGHT...

EVENING, BEN! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, OFFICER ROARKE. GIVE MY BEST TO THE MISSUS AND THE KIDDIES!



SUDDENLY BEN SEES A LIMOUSINE PULL UP. A FIGURE STEPS OUT AND STARTS TO WALK. BEN PEERS AT HIM, THEN STARTS TO FOLLOW ALONG THE DARK STREETS...

YES...THAT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT. I COULDN'T BE BE MISTAKEN! THAT'S THE MAN!



HEY! HOLD ON THERE A MINUTE!



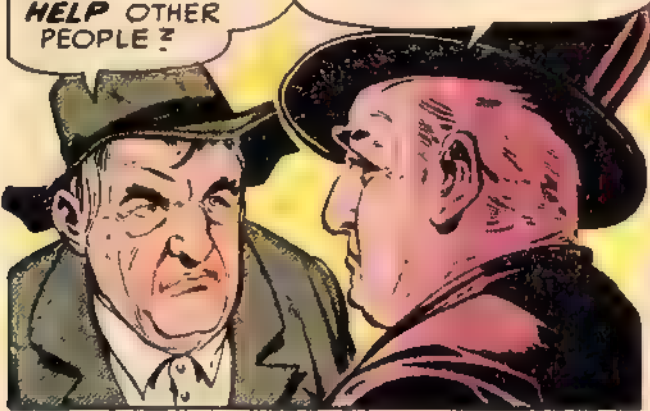
DON'T BE AFRAID. I ONLY WANT A WORD WITH YOU. HEH, YOU LOOK TIRED! IT MUST BE HARD, PLAYING THE PART OF WICKED OLD BENJAMIN SPRAGUE FOR SO MANY YEARS, EH?

IT ISN'T EASY! YOU LEFT AN EVIL SHELL BEHIND FOR YOUR SOUL TO FILL!



HAVEN'T YOU **CHANGED** WHAT I USED TO BE? HAVEN'T YOU PUT ALL THAT MONEY AND POWER TO **GOOD** USE... TO **HELP** OTHER PEOPLE?

I'M ONLY A **SOUL**, BEN. I COULD ONLY FINISH WHAT **YOU** STARTED - THE **WAY** YOU STARTED IT. THE NAME BENJAMIN SPRAGUE IS **HATED** ALL OVER THE WORLD!



AH... IF ONLY I HAD IT TO DO **ALL OVER AGAIN**. I KNOW HOW TO LIVE **NOW!**

THEN... **DO IT, BEN!**



SUDDENLY THERE IS A RUSTLE OF WIND AND A FLURRY OF SNOWFLAKES THAT BLINDS OLD BEN FOR A MOMENT, WHEN HE OPENS HIS EYES AGAIN...

WHA-! I-I'M **MYSELF** AGAIN! AND I'M BACK IN **1925!** THIS IS **FANTASTIC!** PERHAPS IT WAS JUST A **TRICK OF MY MIND!** YES, THAT'S IT - I **DREAMED THE WHOLE THING!**



BENJAMIN SPRAGUE MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO HIS WAITING CAR, THEN ON THE WAY UPTOWN...

THE MIND IS CERTAINLY **STRANGE...** AND YET, PERHAPS IT WAS A **TRICK OF MY CONSCIENCE-** TO SHOW ME THE **RIGHT** WAY. I CERTAINLY HAVE BEEN LEADING A **SELFISH, BITTER** LIFE... AND THERE IS **SO MUCH** A MAN WITH MONEY CAN DO TO **HELP OTHERS!**



YOU KNOW, MR. SPRAGUE, I WAS A LITTLE **WORRIED** BACK THERE FOR A MOMENT... THOUGHT SOMETHING MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU ON THE **DARK, DESERTED** STREET. I SAW SOMEONE...

YOU - YOU SAW **SOMEONE?**



YES SIR. AN OLD MAN, SOME **HOBO** **HOBBLING** ALONG, AND HE **STARTLED** ME FOR A MOMENT, AS HE PASSED THE CAR I SAW HIS **FACE**, AND - **PLEASE DON'T TAKE OFFENSE, SIR - BUT...**



HE - HE LOOKED **EXACTLY LIKE YOU!**



The End

THE MIND READER!

JIM COTTER, exhausted from his week's work, was just looking around for some relaxation when his eyes fell on the marquee of the Civic Auditorium. TONIGHT—MAGANYI. THE MIND-READER, the brilliantly-lighted letters announced.

Tired as he was, Jim grinned. Mind reader? What a bluff! What would they pass off on the unsuspecting public next? And to judge by the throngs at the theater door, the public was swallowing it, too! Idly, Jim strolled over. At that, this phony mind reader might be good for laughs. After the week he'd just put in, Jim deserved a laugh. "One," he murmured at the box-office.

He took his seat in the jammed hall just as Maganyi stepped out. Not much to look at, Jim thought. Rumpled brown suit, cheap tie, thin dark hair in need of washing. "The mind-reader" could pass for a travelling salesman who'd been napping in his car.

But at Maganyi's first words, a hush spread over the hall; even Jim grew tense and expectant. For the low, resonant voice carried like a mounting roll of thunder. And its uncanny penetration made Jim feel that they were his own innermost thoughts being uttered—until he remembered with a jolt, that he would not be thinking such nonsense.

"The human mind," the vibrant voice was saying, "sends out its own signals—but most of us are blind to them, as a color-blind man is to the colors of the rainbow! But to the rare handful whose senses are heightened, thoughts are read as easily as words in a book! Now to begin tonight's demonstration, I want you all to think of something—anything!"

The room grew deathly still. Somewhere, a laugh echoed; elsewhere, a woman screamed. And involuntarily, Jim thought again of the gruelling week behind him. His fingers were still stiff, numbers swam before his eyes; in his thoughts re-echoed the phrases that he and Mr. Riordan had been repeating for days: "Four hundred shares stock, American Railroads; value, \$56,300—check! One necklace, twenty square-cut diamonds, value, \$39,800—check! One set antique gold plates, value, \$24,750—check!" It was all part of the job Cotter had held for eight years now; keeping track of the vast Riordan fortune. And a good part of that fortune was in the sub-basement vault of Riordan's

country mansion, an hour's drive from town. \$15,420,684, to be exact. Jim ought to know; he and old Riordan had just finished their annual check of the contents of the vault. \$15,420,684—no wonder Cotter's head spun.

But now Maganyi was talking again, to a flushed young man he'd called to the stage.

"You're thinking of a lovely young lady!"

The youth looked back at the blonde next to his empty seat, and flushed.

"Now you're wondering, will the boss give you that raise!"

The young man nodded.

"Because then you could manage the \$1800 down payment on that cottage at 499 President Street! Am I right?"

And as the youth again agreed, the audience burst into wild applause.

Maganyi shifting his small, sunken eyes, was seeking another victim. And after a few more demonstrations, the show was over.

Jim was glad. Amusing enough, perhaps—but a hoax from beginning to end. It was as clear as glass; the man worked with accomplices. It had taken all evening, too; there'd just be time for a sandwich, a glance at the paper—and then sleep. He needed it.

But things didn't work out that way. For in the parlor of the modest boarding-house where Cotter lived, a small bent figure was waiting. Jim started as he recognized Maganyi.

"Don't be surprised, Mr. Cotter! The landlady let me in!"

"But, but—what do you want?"

Maganyi smiled wryly. "Must you ask? I'm a *mind-reader*, Mr. Cotter!"

Jim stepped forward angrily. "Whatever you're up to, Maganyi, I want no part of it! I've nothing to hide—you can't blackmail me!"

"Blackmail? What a regrettable thought!" Maganyi paused. "All I want is \$15,420,684—hidden in Riordan's sub-basement vault!"

Jim gasped. "Who . . . who told you?"

"You did! Have you forgotten? At the demonstration—you thought of it!"

"But—"

"Don't bother to talk! *I know!* You thought I was bluffing! Unfortunately for you—I *wasn't!* Most obliging of you, Mr. Cotter, to have directed my attention to the fortune!"

Jim felt himself trembling. Could this insane nightmare really be happening to him? Impossible! In a moment, he'd come to his senses and everything would be all right—

"We're wasting time, Mr. Cotter! Now what can you tell me about the vault?"

Instantly, Jim took hold of himself. "Nothing!" he shouted. "Absolutely nothing! You won't get a word from me!"

He meant it. Come what may, the vault was his trust. Confidently, he recalled all its safety-devices; the photo-electric alarms lining the road, the tear gas traps inside. An outsider could never get through!

"Excellent, Mr. Cotter! That's just what I must know!"

"But—"

"Yes, of course . . . you didn't say a word! But you *thought*—and your thoughts are as clear to me as an image on a screen!"

Jim shuddered as he grasped the meaning of Maganyi's words. Then, in silent, smoldering hatred, he looked at his enemy. This must stop—*now!* Maganyi was a small man. He'd take him by surprise—one good right to the jaw should end this hideous business.

Like a giant cat, Jim lunged forward. But before he could even reach out, Maganyi had ducked.

"An interesting plan of attack! Luckily, your thoughts forewarned me!"

Exhausted, Jim slumped back in his chair. Then it was true. This monster could read *every* thought that crossed his mind; plucking the vital facts about the vault as easy for him as for a child to pick flowers. There was only one solution! He must stop thinking—present only a blank void to Maganyi's uncanny vision!

"Impossible, Mr. Cotter! Man, by his very nature, is a thinker! Even in sleep, the brain is busy! To stop its machinery, simply by wishing, exceeds human powers!"

Maganyi was right. To halt his thoughts was like fighting an octopus; pin down one tentacle, and a half-dozen others writhe forward to attack. If only he could black out—return to the blind, instinctive behavior of mere animals! But it couldn't be done. He was *man*, peak of all creation—man, slave to his own brain! And his run-away thoughts led perversely to the most dangerous matters: just when the night watchman stopped for coffee; where the most precious jewels and the best securities were cached; what they were worth. And Maganyi staring at him with those sunken, penetrating eyes, nodded: "Thank you. Thank you, Mr. Cotter!"

Two hours later, the mind-reader finally rose.

"Come! It's time to leave."

"Why take me? Why not kill me now, and have it done with?"

"Because I need you, Mr. Cotter! Your mind will guide me to the Riordan vault better than the best map! Besides—your body mustn't be found! Let people think you and the treasure disappeared together—No, Mr. Cotter, I wouldn't touch that telephone!"

Jim's arm dropped limply to his side. He was licked, and he knew it. Silently, he slumped down in Maganyi's car. If he could just relax, fall asleep . . . but instead, his alerted brain raced ahead, seeing again the triple combination lock, the concealed cameras, Mrs. Riordan's jewels. Hopelessly, he watched Maganyi stop at the outer gates.

"So the switch to the burglar alarm is by that fence-post? Thank you, Mr. Cotter!"

Jim had said nothing. But Maganyi went to the precise spot . . . Cotter heard a click; then, safely, they passed through the gates.

"A photo-electric beam between those elms? Then we'll walk around them!"

So the plan was working. Well, there was one grim consolation. By dawn it would be all over. He'd never live to hear the accusations about himself, or see the disappointment and shock on Riordan's face.

Then, suddenly, he heard a sound that made him break out in a sweat of desperate hope—a low grumbling, amplified by the stillness around them.

"The dogs!"

Maganyi heard but Cotter didn't care. He'd known them since birth; fed and petted them every day of their lives. Knowing them only as friends, he'd never even thought of them tonight!

The oversight saved his life. For already, the pack of heaving, ruddy bloodhounds were baying hoarsely at the stranger. And Maganyi, terrified, crouched against a tree.

"Help! Make them go away!"

Now the howling beasts had encircled him! And the mind-reader, who could glean a man's most subtle thoughts, was helpless against this ring of dumb, instinctive animals. In panic, he protected his head with his arms. And for one instant, Jim Cotter found himself unguarded. Only an instant—but enough to start the burglar alarm.

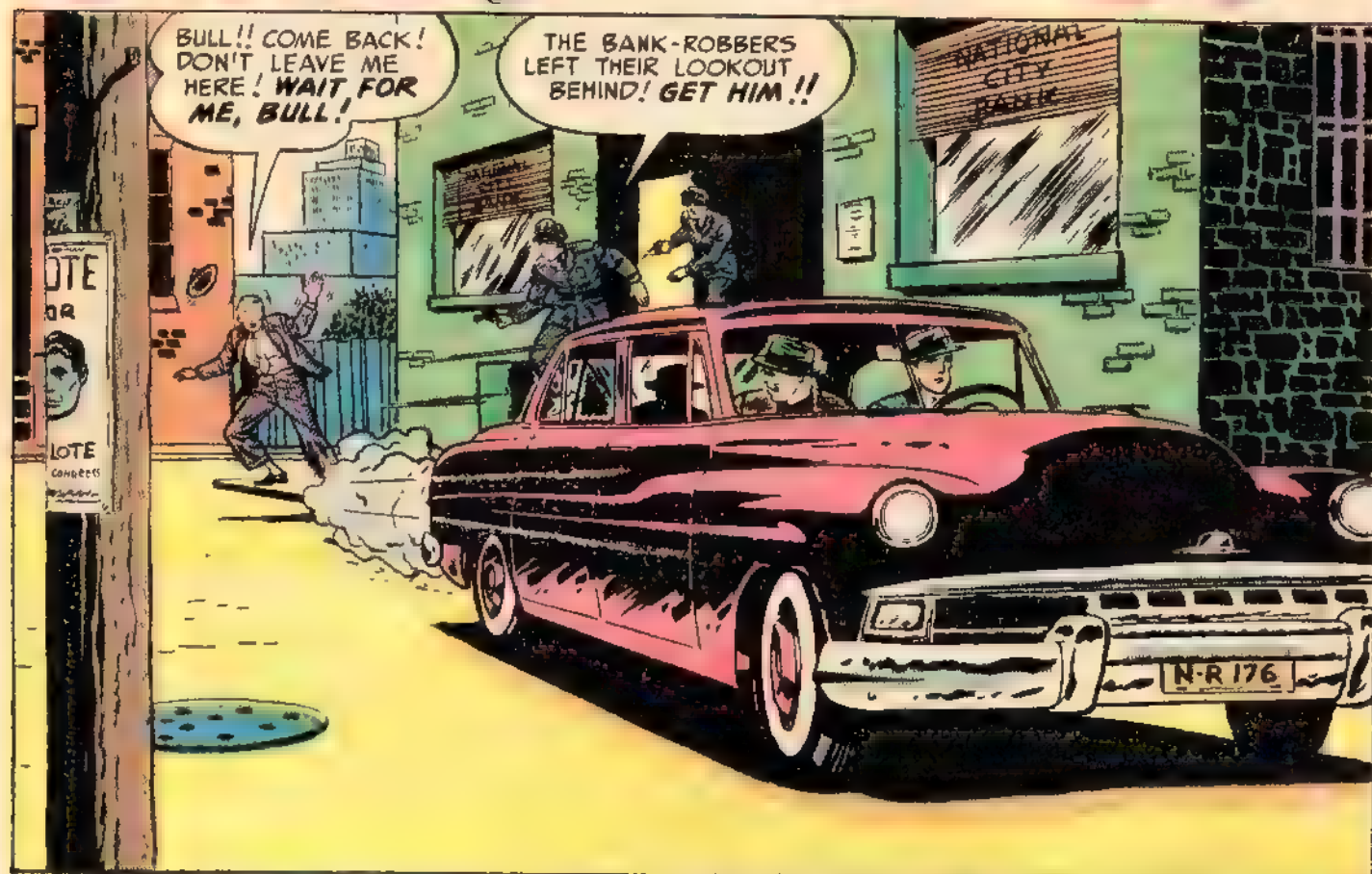
But it was too late to save Maganyi. For just as he turned to the switch, the enraged animals closed in. And when the emergency lights finally flooded the lawns, they showed the mind-reader stretched out on the wet grass—mangled and dead.

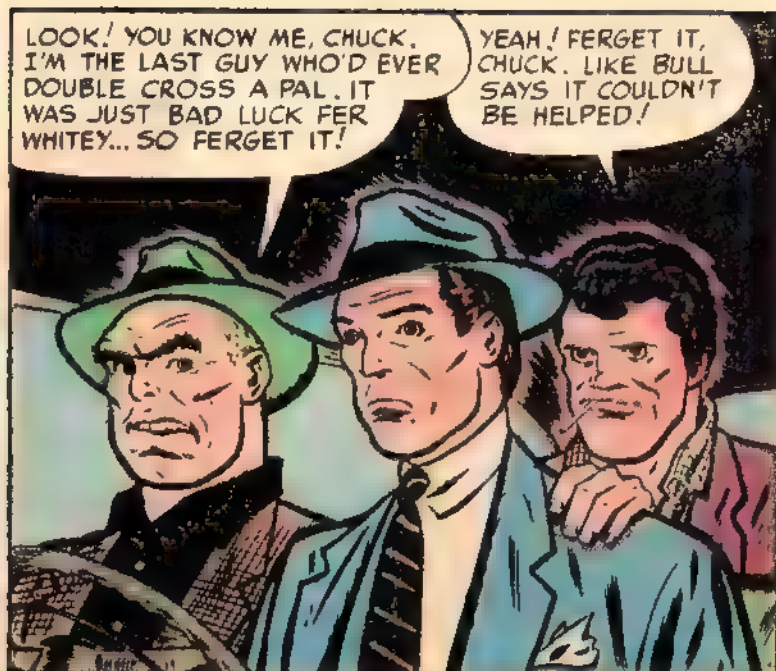
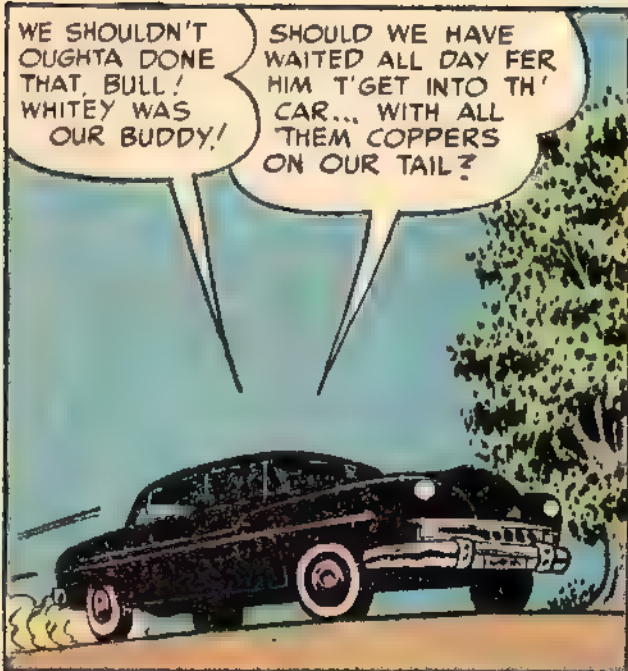
Later, when the police had fully exonerated Cotter, he returned to Maganyi's draped body. Even in death it was strangely ominous. Automatically, Cotter tried to stop his thoughts. Then he remembered . . . it didn't matter now.

THE END

IT'S COMPARATIVELY EASY FOR A CALLOUS, SELFISH GANGLER TO ELIMINATE HIS HENCHMEN SO HE WON'T HAVE TO SPLIT THE LOOT. BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE SOLE REMAINING RIVAL FOR THE SPOILS IS... *HIMSELF*? BULL MANTON FINDS OUT THAT THE ANSWER ADDS UP TO --

DEATH $\times 2 = 0!$



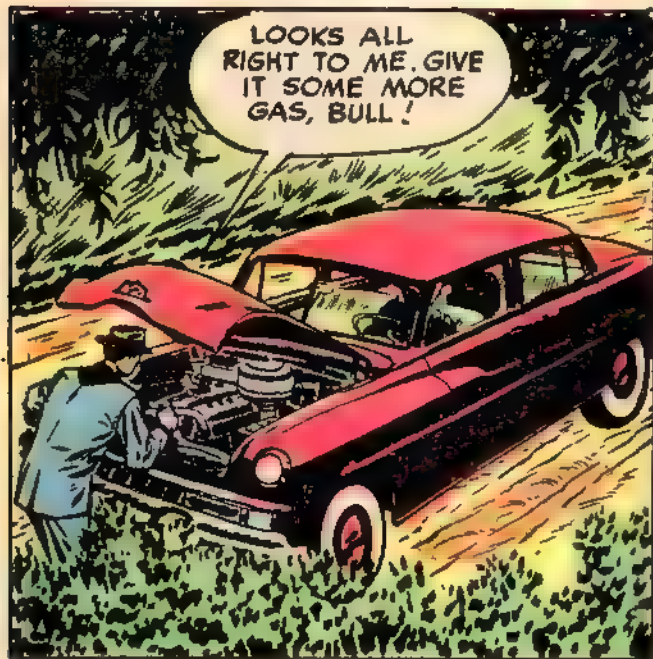
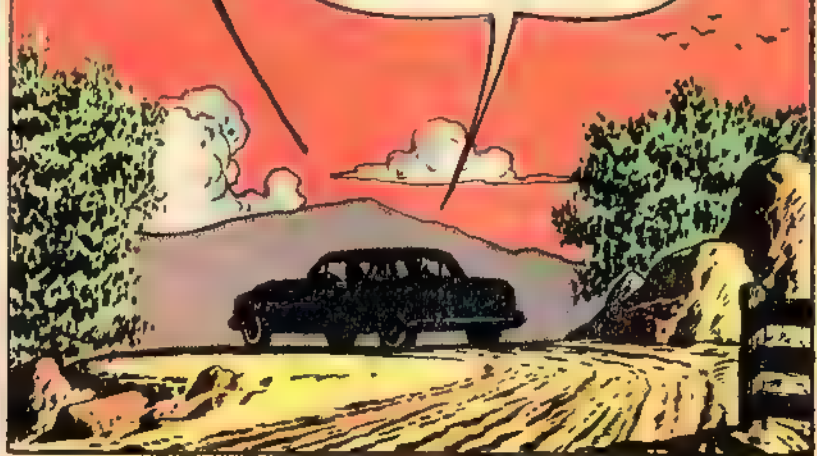


THERE'S NOTHIN' WRONG WITH THAT ENGINE. IT SOUNDS ALL RIGHT TO ME!

NO, IT'S SPUTTERING! BETTER STOP TH' CAR, CHUCK.

ALL RIGHT, IT'S STOPPED! NOW WHAT?

WE'LL BE IN ONE HECK OF A FIX IF TH' CAR BREAKS DOWN AT THE WRONG TIME. YOU'D BETTER GET OUTTA TH' CAR AN' TAKE A LOOK AT TH' MOTOR, CHUCK, WHILE I FEED IT SOME GAS!

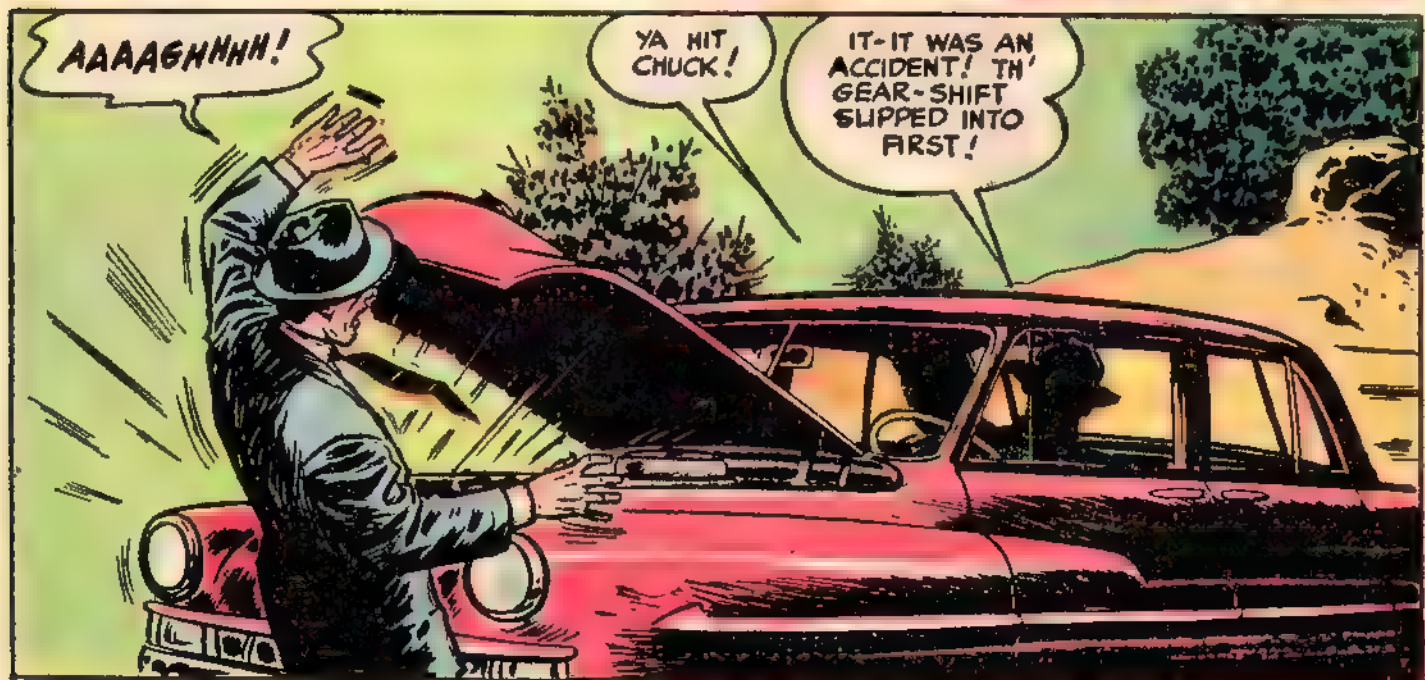


LOOKS ALL RIGHT TO ME. GIVE IT SOME MORE GAS, BULL!

BUT AS BULL MANTON COMPLIES, HE RELEASES THE EMERGENCY BRAKE AND SHIFTS INTO FIRST.



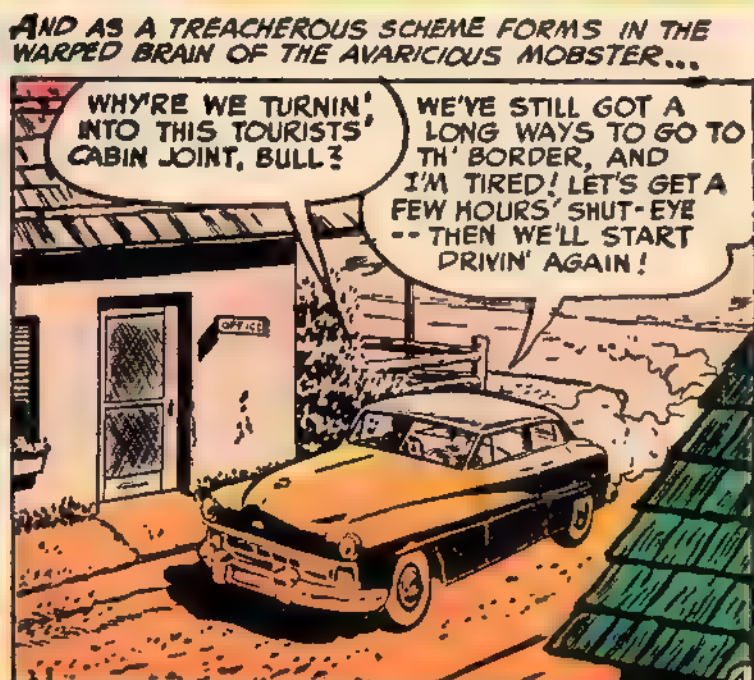
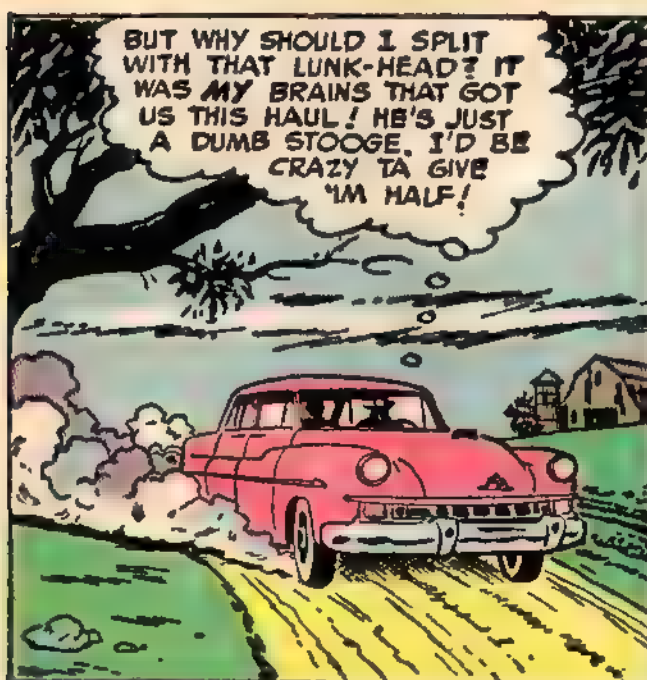
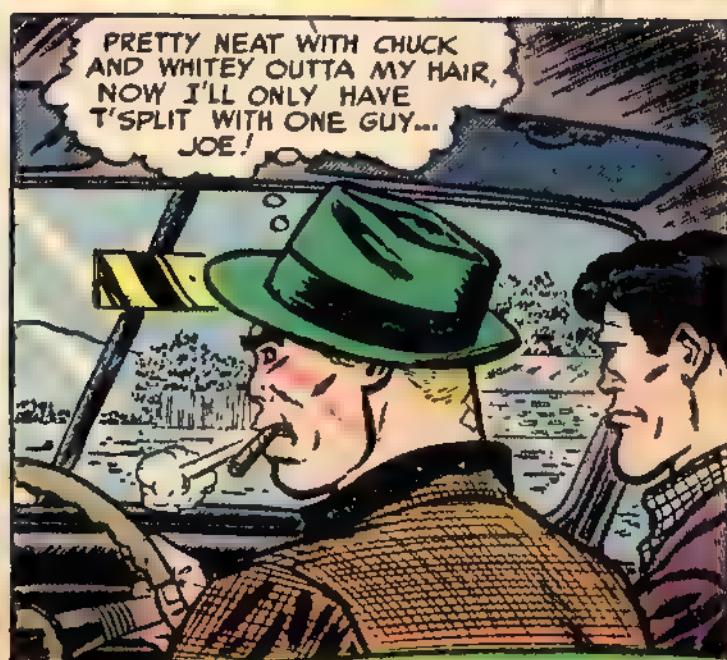
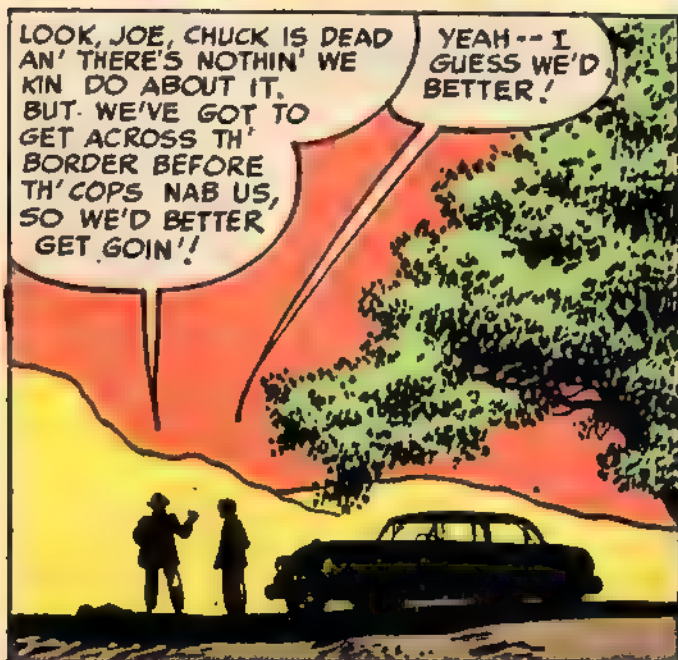
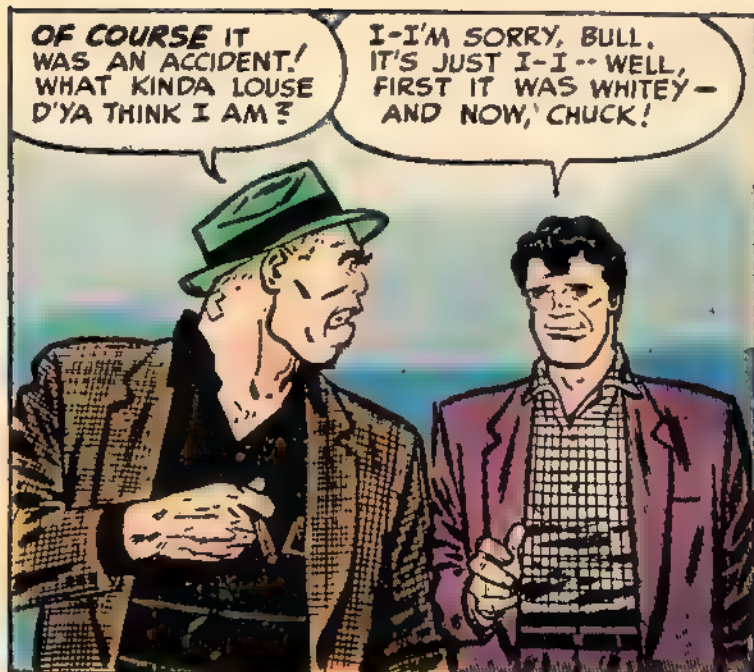
TH' STUPID SAPI! HE DON'T SUSPECT A THING.



AAAAGHHH!

YA HIT CHUCK!

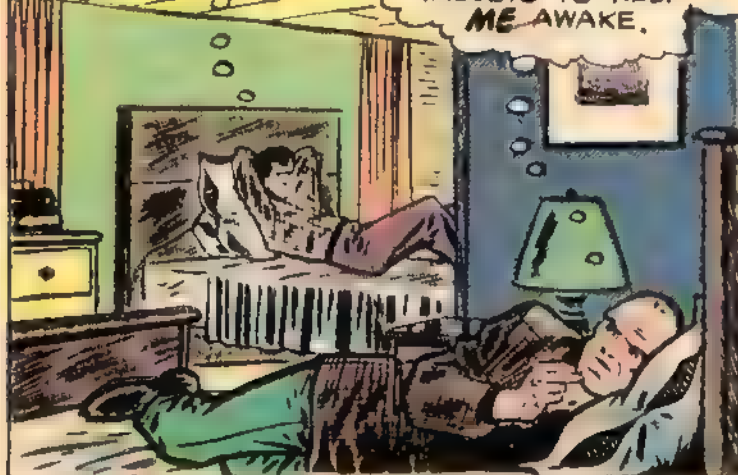
IT-IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! TH' GEAR-SHIFT SLIPPED INTO FIRST!



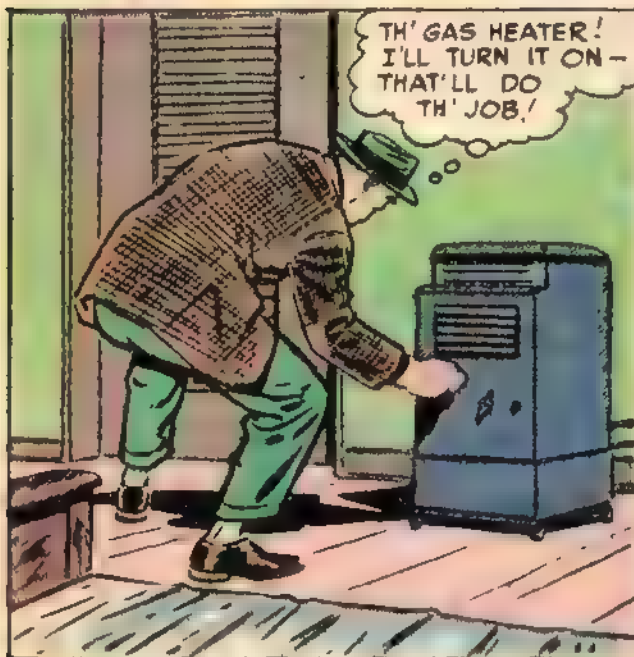
I KEEP THINKIN' O' TH' WAY
CHUCK AN' WHITEY GOT IT,
AN' I DON'T LIKE IT! MAYBE
IT WASN'T NO ACCIDENT, LIKE
BULL SAYS.

HE'S SUSPICIOUS! HE
WON'T FALL ASLEEP!
BUT HE'LL HAVE TO
SLEEP SOMETIME.
MEANTIME, I'LL
KEEP TAKIN' BENZEDRINE
TABLETS TO KEEP
ME AWAKE.

AH - HE'S STARTIN'
TO DOZE. NOW TO
POLISH HIM OFF!



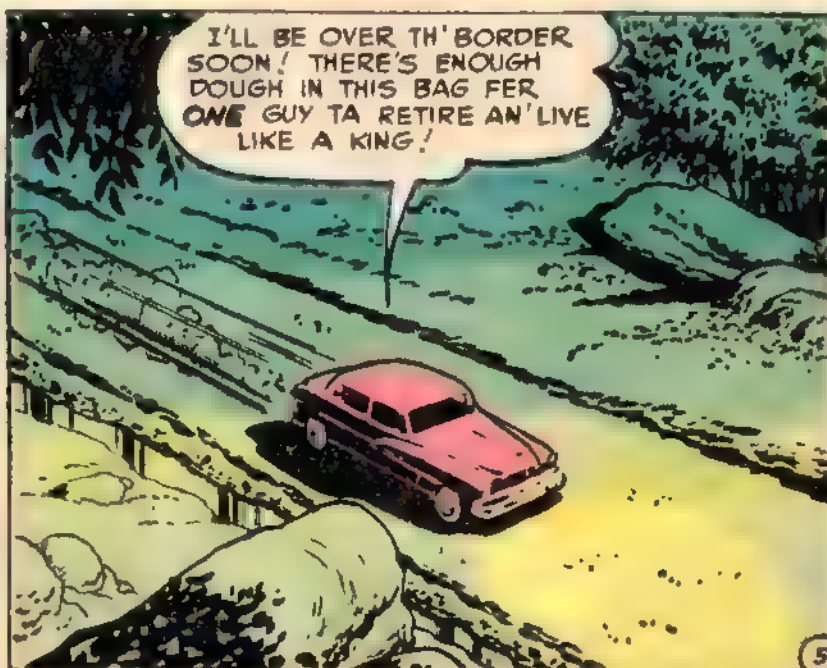
TH' GAS HEATER!
I'LL TURN IT ON -
THAT'LL DO
TH' JOB!

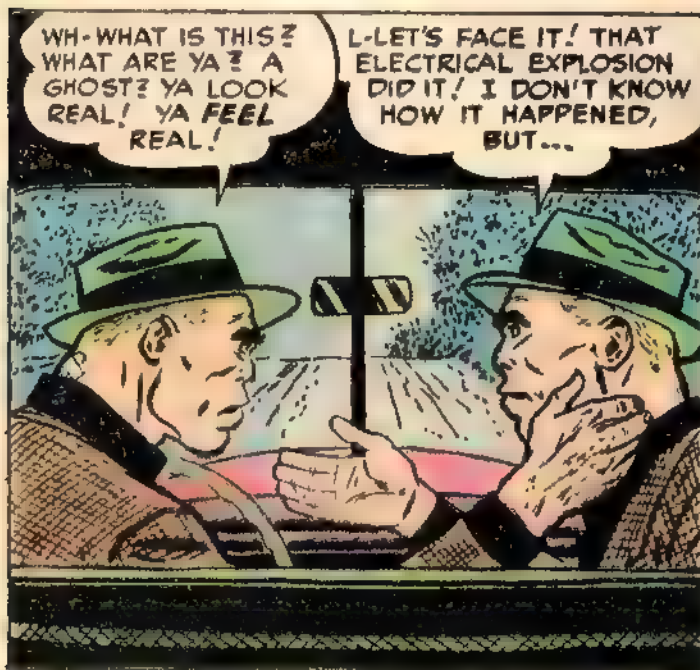
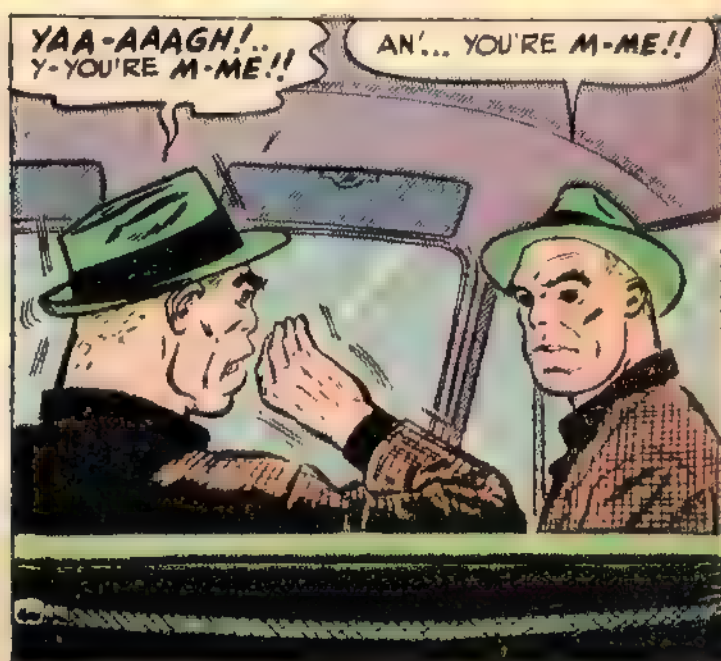
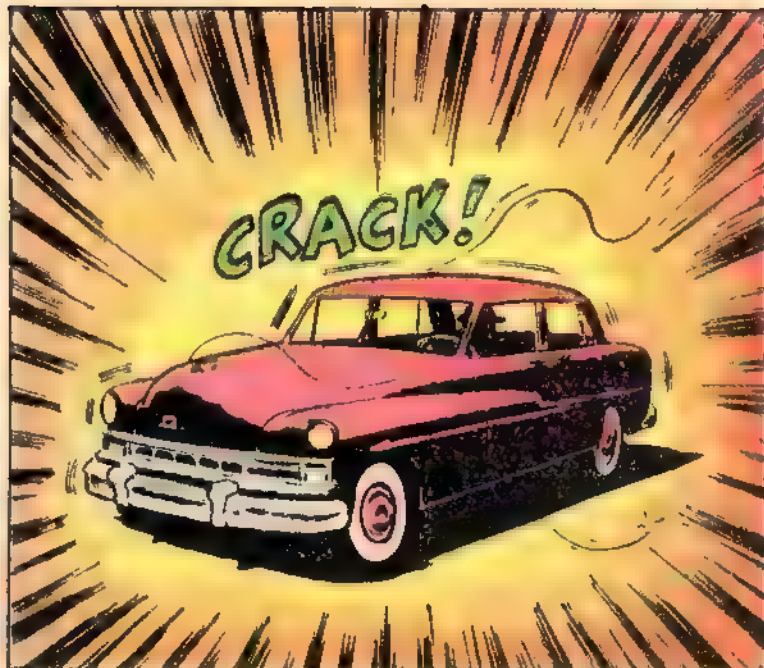
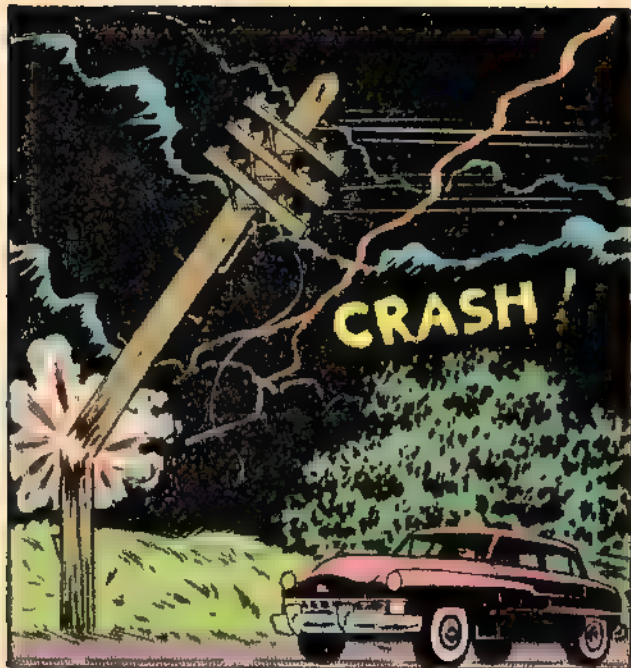


WHITEY...CHUCK...JOE... ALL
DEAD! I DON'T HAFTA SPLIT
WITH **NOBODY!** TH' DOUGH IS
MINE... **MINE!**



I'LL BE OVER TH' BORDER
SOON! THERE'S ENOUGH
DOUGH IN THIS BAG FER
ONE GUY TA RETIRE AN' LIVE
LIKE A KING!





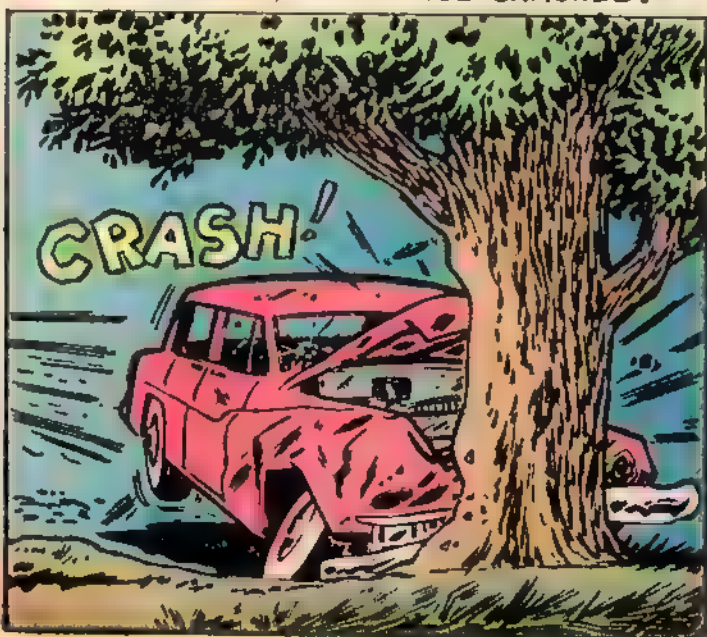
IN THE IDENTICAL MINDS OF THE TWO KILLERS,
THE SAME FOUL THOUGHT FORMS...



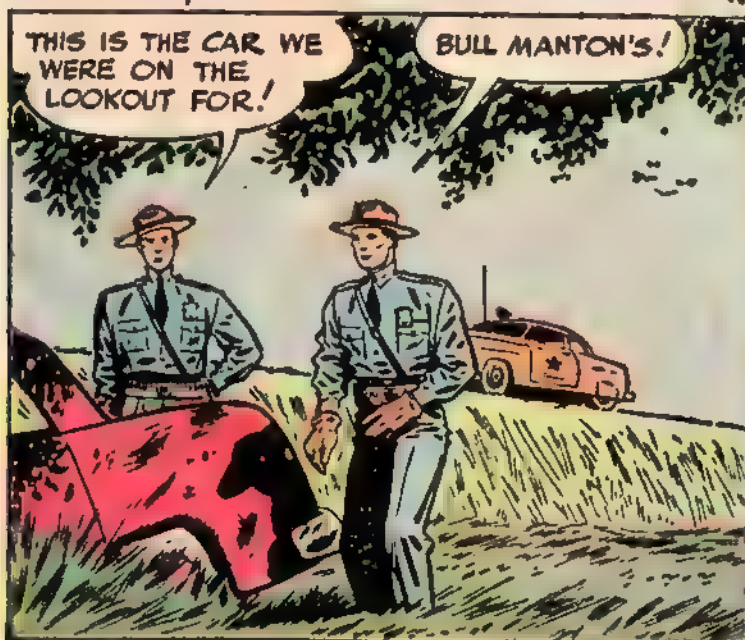
BUT AS THE TWO HANDS CLASP, THE OTHER
TWO HANDS RELEASE LEADEN DEATH!



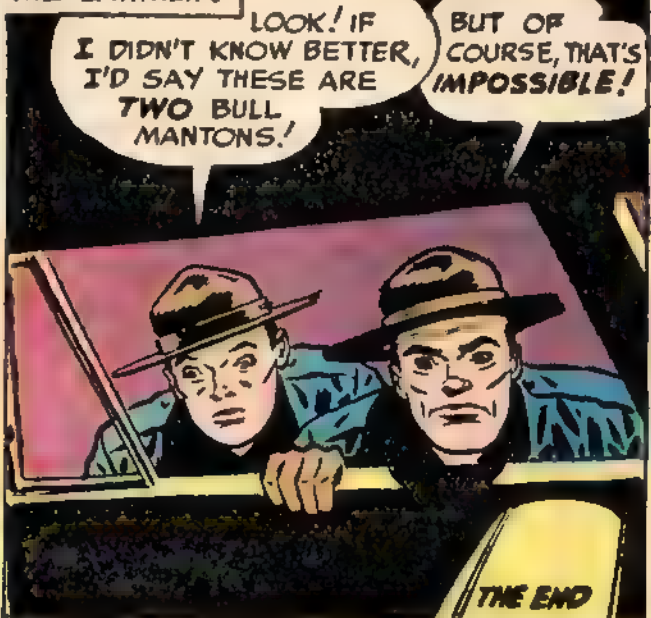
OUT OF CONTROL, THE VEHICLE CRASHES!



SOON AFTER, BORDER POLICE ARRIVE ON THE SCENE...



AN AMAZING SIGHT GREETES THE EYES OF
THE LAWMEN!



A STRANGE PHENOMENON GAVE HENRY PARKER MORE POWER THAN THE RICHEST MAN ON EARTH. THE WORLD AND ALL THAT WAS IN IT WAS HIS. IF ONLY HE COULD SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF...

The Shadow on the Screen!



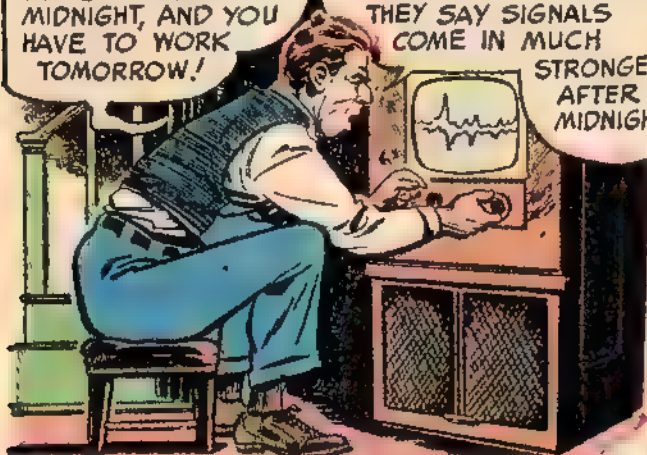
IT WAS MIDNIGHT AND THE LAST TELEVISION CHANNEL HAD JUST SIGNED OFF...

HENRY PARKER, **WILL** YOU TURN THAT TELEVISION OFF AND COME TO BED? IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT, AND YOU HAVE TO WORK TOMORROW!

JUST A FEW MINUTES, DEAR! I WANT TO SEE IF I CAN PICK UP AN OUT-OF-TOWN STATION. THEY SAY SIGNALS COME IN MUCH

STRONGER AFTER MIDNIGHT

AHA! I KNEW I COULD GET SOMETHING! **EMMA!** COME HERE! LOOK! I'VE GOT A PICTURE - AND IT MUST BE FROM SOME DISTANCE... THERE'S NO STATION ON THIS CHANNEL WITHIN FIVE HUNDRED MILES!



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THIS IS A TELEVISION SHOW. EVERYTHING LOOKS SO REAL! BUT IT MUST BE! THAT FUZZY OUTLINE LOOKS LIKE INTERFERENCE.

HURRY, DEAR, YOU'LL MISS IT!

ALL RIGHT, I'M COMING! I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU GET SO EXCITED ABOUT SOME OLD MOVIE!

THIS IS NO OLD MOVIE! IT'S A SCENE OF A RAGING FIRE - THE MOST REALISTIC THING I'VE EVER SEEN! I CAN ALMOST FEEL THE HEAT OF THE FLAMES!

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR MIND, HENRY? THERE'S NOTHING ON THAT SCREEN!

BUT...BUT IT WAS THERE JUST A MINUTE AGO! I SWEAR IT WAS! I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES!

NONSENSE! YOU'RE LETTING YOUR IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WITH YOU. NOW TURN IT OFF AND COME TO BED!

HENRY WENT TO BED, BUT HE COULDN'T ERASE THE INCIDENT FROM HIS MIND. THE PICTURE OF THE FIRE KEPT RECURRING TO HIM, EVEN AT HIS OFFICE THE FOLLOWING DAY. AT QUITTING TIME, HE COULD HARDLY WAIT TO GET HOME TO TRY TO PICK UP THAT CHANNEL AGAIN...

I MAY HAVE DISCOVERED SOMETHING UNUSUAL ABOUT TELEVISION RECEPTION. PERHAPS THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MY SET THAT...

HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

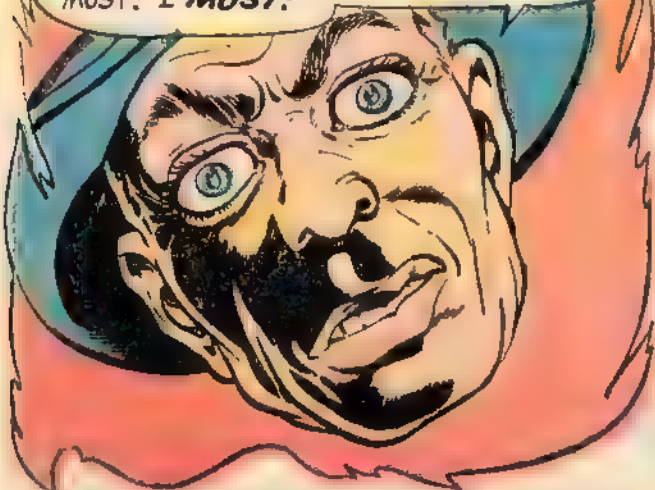
CAN'T YOU SEE THERE'S A FIRE UP THERE? YOU'LL HAVE TO GO AROUND THE BLOCK - IF YOU WANT TO GET THROUGH!

I'M SORRY, OFFICER! I GUESS I WASN'T WATCHING WHERE I WAS GOING.

HENRY'S FIRST REACTION WAS THAT OF ANNOYANCE AT THE DELAY. BUT THEN, SOMETHING STRANGELY FAMILIAR ABOUT THE SCENE CAUSED HIM TO STOP AND TAKE A SECOND LOOK...

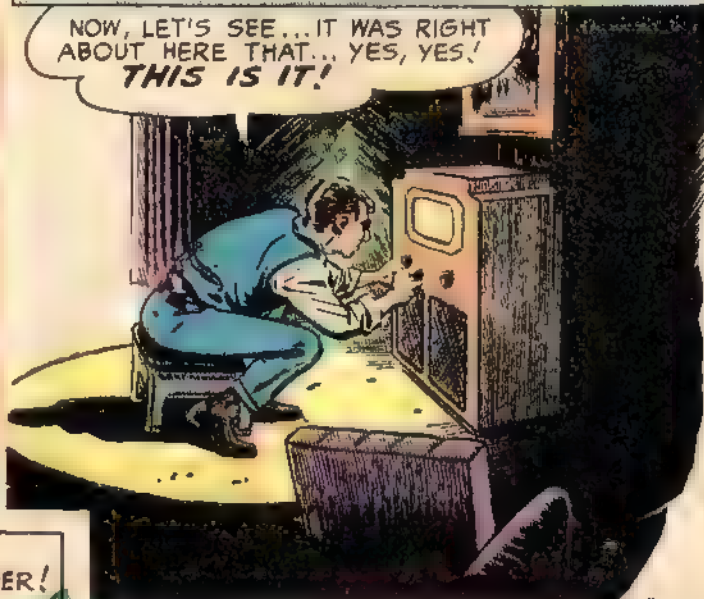
THAT FIREMAN HELPING THE OLD MAN! THE WOMAN WITH THE BABY AT THE WINDOW! IT...IT'S THE EXACT SCENE I SAW ON THE TELEVISION LAST NIGHT!

I... I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND! THIS CAN'T BE! A TELEVISION SET IS MERELY A MECHANICAL GADGET. IT CAN'T POSSIBLY SEE INTO THE FUTURE! AND YET... I MUST TRY TO GET THAT STATION AGAIN! I MUST! I **MUST!**

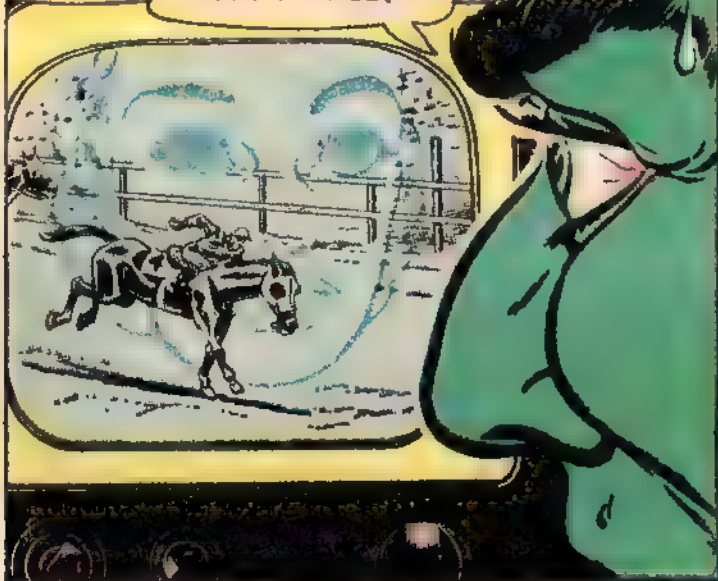


FEARFUL OF TELLING ANYONE OF HIS STRANGE EXPERIENCE, HENRY WAITED UNTIL HIS WIFE RETIRED THAT NIGHT, BEFORE HE TRIED TO TUNE IN THE MYSTERIOUS CHANNEL...

NOW, LET'S SEE... IT WAS RIGHT ABOUT HERE THAT... YES, YES! **THIS IS IT!**



IT'S A HORSE RACE! AND LOOK AT THAT NUMBER FOUR! HE'S CREEPING UP ON THE LEADER! HE'S PASSING HIM... **HE WINS!** WHAT A RACE!

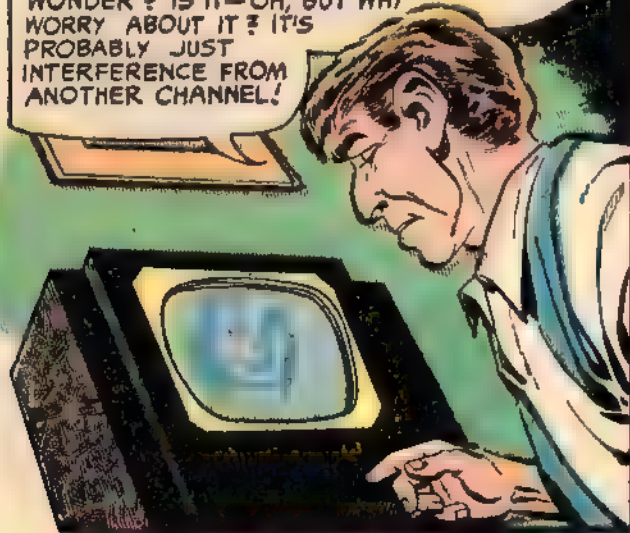


THE TRACK DOESN'T OPEN UNTIL TOMORROW! THAT **MUST** BE TOMORROW'S RACE!! AND ACCORDING TO THE BOARD IT'S THE FOURTH! LOOK AT THAT PRICE! A HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-TWO CENTS!



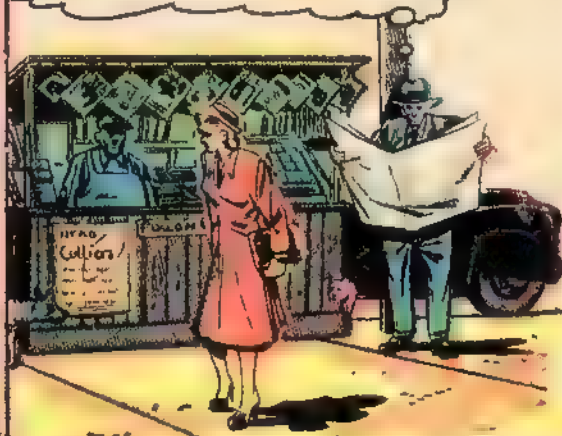
4	125.72
8	12.80
9	4.60

THE FUZZY OUTLINE ON THE SCREEN SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN THE SHAPE OF A LADY'S FACE! WHAT CAN THAT MEAN, I WONDER? IS IT—OH, BUT WHY WORRY ABOUT IT? IT'S PROBABLY JUST INTERFERENCE FROM ANOTHER CHANNEL!

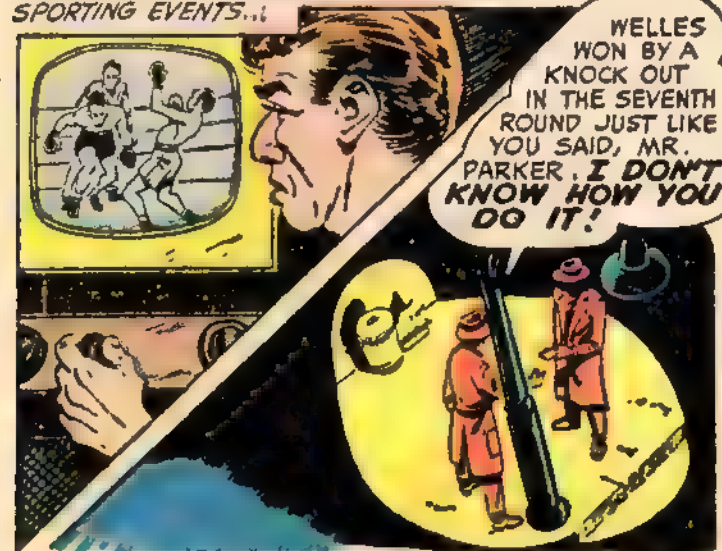


AND HENRY **DIDN'T** WORRY ABOUT IT! INSTEAD, HE PLACED A MODEST BET ON BATTLESPURS, HORSE NUMBER FOUR IN THE FOURTH RACE AT THE LOCAL TRACK. THAT AFTERNOON, HIS HAND SHOOK AS HE OPENED THE PAPER TO THE SPORTS PAGES.

THE **EXACT** AMOUNT SHOWN ON THE SCREEN! THIS IS MORE THAN JUST A COINCIDENCE! WITH ADVANCE INFORMATION LIKE THIS, THERE'S **NO LIMIT** TO WHAT I CAN DO!



FROM THE MOMENT HE WON THAT FIRST BET, HENRY WAS LIKE A MAN POSSESSED. HE COULDN'T WAIT TO CASH IN ON HIS INSIDE INFORMATION. AT FIRST, IT WAS JUST SPORTING EVENTS...



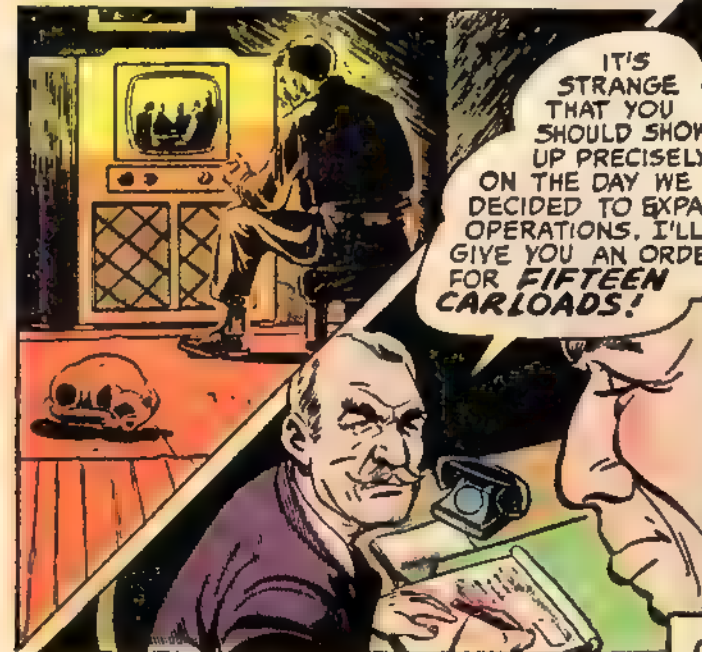
WELLES WON BY A KNOCK OUT IN THE SEVENTH ROUND JUST LIKE YOU SAID, MR. PARKER. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT!

...THEN THE STOCK MARKET...



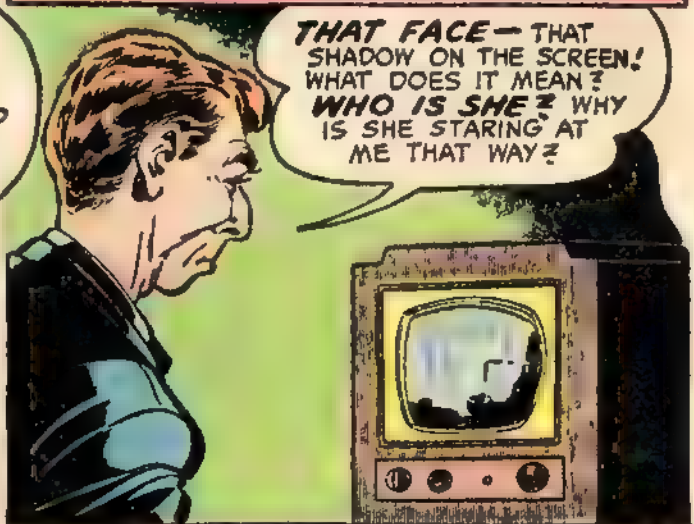
YOU CERTAINLY BOUGHT WELLINGTON OIL AT THE RIGHT TIME, PARKER. IT ROSE MORE THAN FIFTY POINTS SINCE THEY BROUGHT IN THAT GUSHER!

... FINALLY, IT EXTENDED EVEN TO HIS BUSINESS...



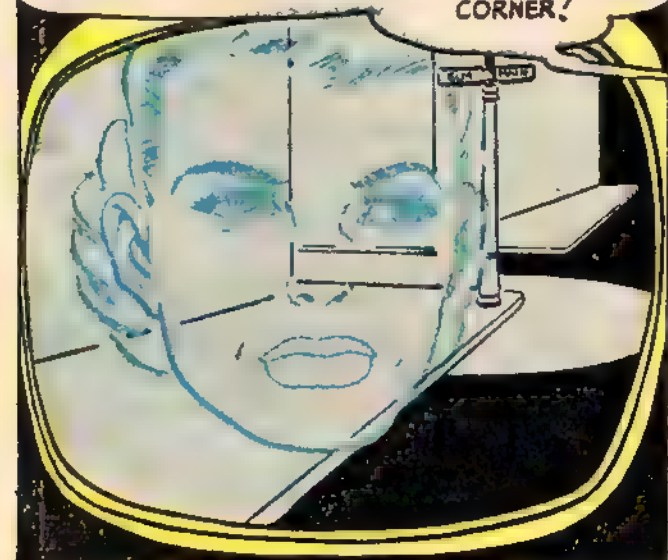
IT'S STRANGE THAT YOU SHOULD SHOW UP PRECISELY ON THE DAY WE DECIDED TO EXPAND OPERATIONS. I'LL GIVE YOU AN ORDER FOR FIFTEEN CARLOADS!

APPRECIATING POWER AS ONLY A MEER MAN CAN, HENRY BECAME OBSESSED WITH HIS NEW-FOUND SECRET. THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULDN'T FATHOM—NOTHING, THAT IS, BUT...



THAT FACE— THAT SHADOW ON THE SCREEN! WHAT DOES IT MEAN? WHO IS SHE? WHY IS SHE STARING AT ME THAT WAY?

THE PICTURE! IT'S CHANGING! WHY, THAT'S THE CORNER OF ELM AND MAIN STREET! BUT THERE'S NOTHING THERE! IT'S JUST AN EMPTY STREET CORNER!

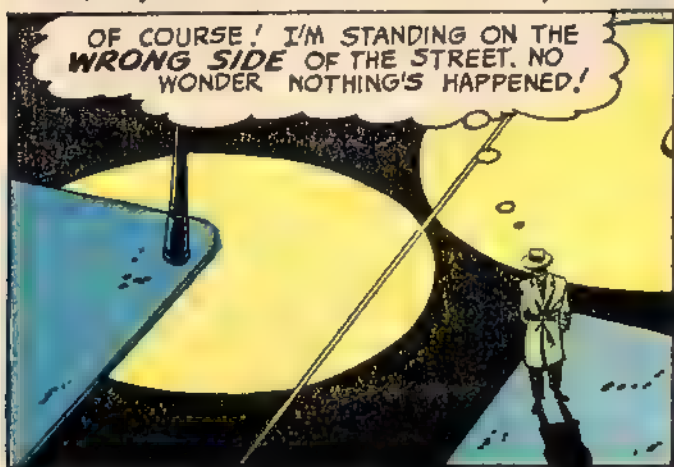


SHE'S BECKONING TO ME. SHE WANTS ME TO MEET HER ON THAT STREET CORNER—THE CORNER OF ELM AND MAIN! MAYBE... MAYBE NOW I'LL GET THE ANSWER TO THIS MYSTERY!



ELM AND MAIN WAS ONLY A FEW BLOCKS FROM HENRY'S HOME, AND HE RAN THERE AS FAST AS HIS LEGS WOULD CARRY HIM. THE CORNER WAS DESERTED AND HENRY, AFTER WAITING A FEW MOMENTS, WAS ABOUT TO TURN BACK, WHEN...

OF COURSE! I'M STANDING ON THE **WRONG SIDE** OF THE STREET. NO WONDER NOTHING'S HAPPENED!



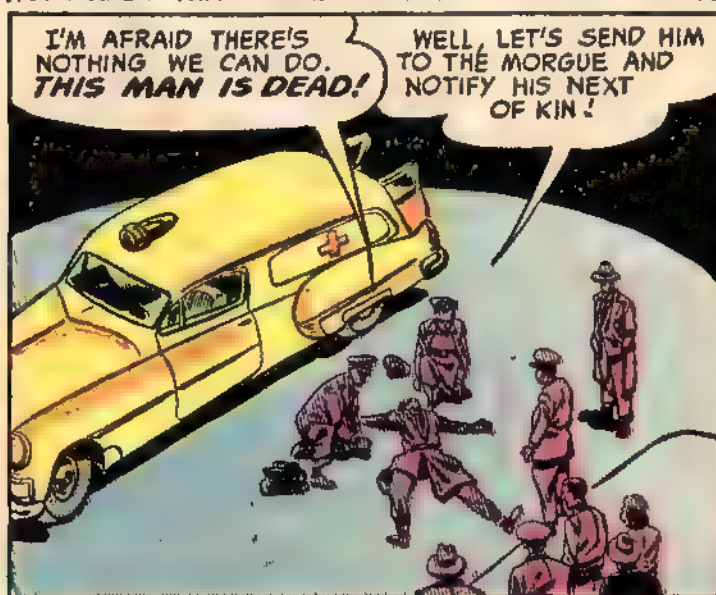
AAAAAGH!



IN A FEW MINUTES, THE AMBULANCE WAS THERE, BUT EVEN THE SMALL CROWD THAT GATHERED AT THAT LATE HOUR KNEW THAT HENRY PARKER WAS BEYOND AID...

I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO. **THIS MAN IS DEAD!**

WELL, LET'S SEND HIM TO THE MORGUE AND NOTIFY HIS NEXT OF KIN!



THIS IS REALLY THE END OF HENRY'S STORY, BUT PERHAPS HE WOULD HAVE BEEN INTERESTED IN ONE MORE THING THAT HAPPENED FOR, AS THEY LIFTED THE STRETCHER INTO THE AMBULANCE, THE TASK WAS DIRECTED BY A VERY FAMILIAR PERSON ...



The End

"**YESTERDAY I Knew Nothing** **About Music... TODAY I'm** *Actually Playing!*"

Over 900,000 People Have Taken Up This Quick, Easy Way to Learn Music. FREE BOOK Tells How YOU Can Too—Even If You Don't Know a Single Note Now

IMAGINE the thrill of *actually playing* piano, accordion, guitar or any other instrument **RIGHT AWAY!**

No previous knowledge of music necessary. No boring scales and exercises. This famous home study method starts you playing simple pieces by note—**RIGHT FROM YOUR VERY FIRST lesson!** Soon you find yourself playing the songs and compositions that you and your friends love! It's all so clearly explained that even children "catch on" immediately!

Just Name Your Favorite Instrument

No wonder 900,000 people of all ages have taken up this miraculous method!

At last **YOU** can make your dream of playing music come true—**WITHOUT** "suffering" through a dull training period first. Just decide **WHICH** instrument you'd like to play piano, guitar, accordion, violin, clarinet, any other instrument you name in coupon—and we'll start you out playing it **AT ONCE!**

No special "talent" needed. Even if you don't know a single note of music now, you start right in playing real music, *by note*. And you learn in the spare time of your own choosing. Lessons cost only a few cents each, including sheet music.

How Much Richer Your Life Will Be!

Just think how much richer you can make your life by gaining this wonderful accomplishment! The good times that lie ahead of you! The new friends you will meet. The many exciting occasions on which someone will beg, "You must come to our party to play!" The added enjoyment you'll get out of your leisure hours. The deep-down satisfaction of being able to make your own music any time you please.



FREE BOOK And Free Lesson-Sample

Mail the coupon—and you will receive our **FREE** illustrated book and a **FREE SAMPLE** of our simplified method. Your dream of playing music **CAN** come true... If you mail the coupon at once to: **U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 2503, Port Washington, N.Y.** (Special Reduced Prices on instruments to our students) We are now in our **58th** successful year!



U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 2503, Port Washington, N. Y.

Please send me **FREE** Book and Lesson-Sample. No salesman will call upon me. I'm interested in playing (name instrument)

☐ I do ☐ I do NOT — have instrument now.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ If 16 years or under, check for Booklet A.

Thousands Now Play Who Never Thought They Could

Amazes Her Friends



"I bet some friends I could learn to play piano quickly. They didn't believe me — because I am slow learning. Imagine their surprise last night when I played for them. One said, 'Why, it sounds like you've been playing for years!'"
—Louise Gomez, Oakland, Cal.

Mother Fulfills Desire To Play

"After I had been married 13 years I saw my chance to play the piano by the simple way your School offers. In a short time I could play pieces a friend couldn't who took lessons for 3 years from a teacher."—Mrs. Joseph L. Newton, Louisville, Ky.

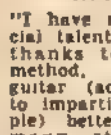


Now Plays Accordion Professionally



"I can now play any selection on the accordion with ease. Thanks to, helping me play the accordion professionally. I found your lessons very easy." —James A. Collier, Matleod, Alta.

Learns Faster Without Teacher



"I have no special talent — but thanks to your method, I play guitar (according to impartial people) better than many students who have taken lessons from teachers for longer periods." —Myrella-Muquett, Saint-An-dre, Montreal.

HA, HA! THEY
DON'T KNOW THAT
THIS GLASS SUIT
IS BULLETPROOF!

SPACE-AGE GLASS!

SCIENCE HAS MADE
GLASS A PRODUCT THAT
IS MORE THAN SOME-
THING TO LOOK THROUGH!
A MAN VISITING MARS
TODAY, IN A GLASS
SUIT, WOULD HAVE
THESE ADVANTAGES...

THAT WEAK ELBOW
OF GLASS SURE MAKES
IT EASY TO
DISCARD A
USED OXYGEN
TANK!

PROTECTION FROM
BULLETS, MISSILES.

ALSO, CERTAIN FEATURES OF THE
SUIT COULD BE MADE OF A VERY
WEAK GLASS...

WHEW! WHAT A
LIGHT! BETTER CLOSE
MY POLARIZED LENSES!

LIGHT, EFFICIENT SPUN-GLASS INSULATION
WOULD PROTECT THE EARTHMAN FROM
BOTH HEAT AND COLD...

SPECIAL
ADJUSTABLE LENSES
IN THE FRONT
OF THE HELMET
WOULD PROTECT
THE ADVENTURER
FROM SUDDEN,
POWERFUL
LIGHT...

SPUN
GLASS

A THIN LAYER OF
THIS OFFERS HIGHLY
EFFICIENT INSULATION.

GLASS OFFERS GREAT PROTECTION AGAINST
ELECTRIC SHOCK...

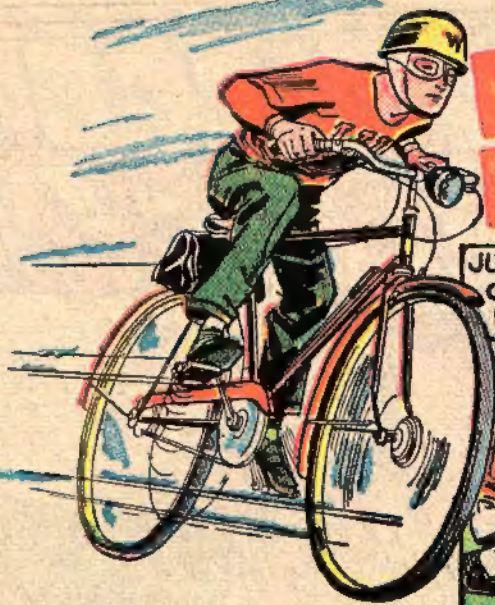
FINALLY, MODERN GLASS CAN STAND RAPID
AND EXTREME CHANGES IN TEMPERATURE WITHOUT
BEING AFFECTED...

RAY GUNS! LUCKY WE DECIDED
ON GLASS SUITS! THEIR ELECTRIC
RAYS CAN'T PENETRATE!

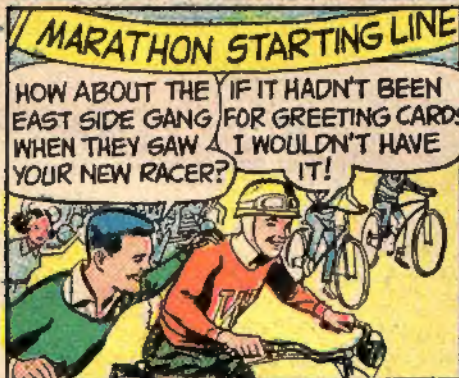
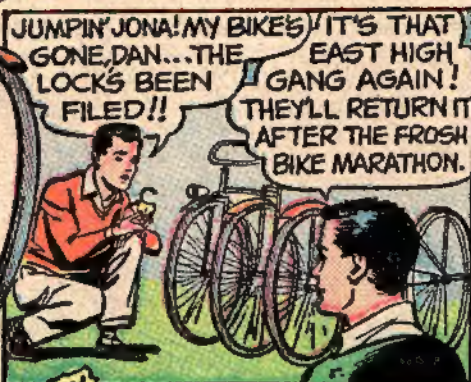
I'LL TELL YOU AS
SOON AS YOU MELT
THIS OFF ME! THE
HEATERS AND
INSULATION KEPT
ME WARM... BUT
THIS ICE-COATING
IS SO HEAVY IT'S
BREAKING MY
BACK!

YEOWW!
SIX INCHES OF
ICE! WHERE
HAVE YOU
BEEN?

THE
END



BUZZ BAXTER RIDES AGAIN!



BOYS! GIRLS! IT'S EASY TO MAKE \$50.00 IN SPARE TIME!

You can make big money in spare time after school, for yourself, your club or group. Wonderful new All-Occasion Assortments for Birthdays, Anniversaries, Convalescence, etc., make relatives, friends and neighbors buy on sight. You make as much as 50c a box. No experience needed—even beginners stack up \$50.00 like lightning! Personal-Imprint Cards, Stationery, Gift Wraps, etc., bring extra profits. **SEND NO MONEY!** We'll send you boxes ON APPROVAL, complete easy MONEY.

MAKING PLAN and FREE Imprint Samples. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

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(In Canada, 103 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ont., Canada)

PASTE COUPON ON POSTCARD! MAIL NOW!

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC. 0-7573

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Please send complete Money-Making Outfit of Greeting Card Assortments ON APPROVAL, plus FREE Personalized Samples.

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Address _____

City & Zone _____

State _____

☐ Check here for Club or Group Fund-Raising Plan.



BIG, BEAUTIFUL GREETING CARD ASSORTMENTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS!

NEW! 1954 "Space Commander" VIBRO-MATIC WALKIE-TALKIES

2 PHONES
ONLY

\$1



Thrills & Fun Galore!

If by some magical means you could talk with your neighbor and friends—without electric wires, without batteries or electric current, wouldn't you pay \$100 or more? Well you can do just that and the entire cost to you is only ONE DOLLAR for TWO "Space Commander" Walkie-Talkies. Not just a toy—but an amazing communication system. NOW you can talk back and forth from house to garden, between rooms, between your house and your friends'. How thrilling to "speak thru space"!

Works like Magic . . . Guaranteed!

This latest, newest 1954 model is a well made product of the world's largest manufacturer of Walkie-Talkies. Uses highly sensitive Vibromatic design. Each phone is self-contained and sends as well as receives messages, songs, music, etc. which travel over the conductor line for hundreds of feet, clear and distinct. Requires no license. Will not interfere with radio reception. Works equally well indoors or out.

Endless Fun . . . Educational!

This new 2-WAY WalkieTalkie System provides endless fun for the entire family, for boys and girls and adults too! Inspirational. Helps overcome shyness, aids voice training. Real "Space Planet" design in handsome colors. Hard to break. They're rugged!

5 Day Trial — Money Back Guarantee.

Send only one dollar, cash, check or money order and your Walkie-Talkies will be shipped on 5 day home trial—instantly! Easy to use directions—even a 5-year-old child can do it! Enjoy them with your family and friends for 5 whole days free of any obligation to keep them . . . entirely at our risk! If you're not thrilled and satisfied in every way your dollar comes right back! Supply limited! Rush order now! Don't lose this big bargain! Mail coupon TODAY!

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131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

SPECIAL!

\$1

**2
PHONES
COMPLETE**

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131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

RUSH a complete set of SPACE COMMANDER WALKIE-TALKIES on 5 DAY TRIAL, post-paid. I enclose only \$1.00 for the complete set of 2 phones and directions. If I am not thrilled and satisfied in every way, you are to send back my dollar with no questions asked.

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ADDRESS _____

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STATE _____

☐ CHECK here if you wish order sent C.O.D. You pay \$1.00 AND 35 cents postage on delivery.



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SKATES



JET ENGINE
PLANE FLIES
500 FEET!

WALKING
DOLL



HUNTING
KNIFE
AND AX



TWO-
GUN
HOLSTER SET



TABLE TENNIS SET



ARCHERY SET



VANITY SET

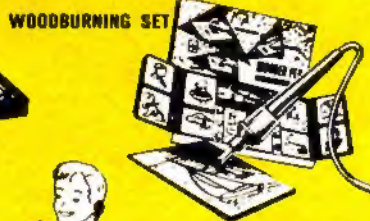
PRESSURE
COOKER



RED RYDER CARBINE



CHEMISTRY SET



WOODBURNING SET



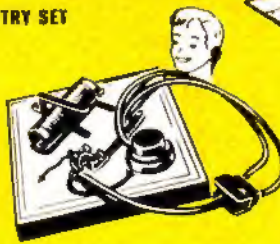
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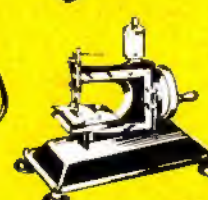
WHITE ZIPPER
BIBLE



UKELELE
WITH ARTHUR
GODFREY PLAYER



RADIO RECEIVING



SEWING MACHINE

MEN - WOMEN - BOYS - GIRLS

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FOR BOYS
AND GIRLS

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Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size, 9x11, richly decorated Mottos On Trust. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!

FREE!

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